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TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

CHARLES LAPWORTH

EDITOR

TOO PROUD TO QUIT

WAS there ever in history a weightier responsibility placed upon the shoulders of one man than that put by the Kaiser on the new prime minister of England? No wonder Lloyd George is reported as being sick, for it has been squarely and suddenly put up to him to decide whether armageddon shall continue, and that with intenser ferocity than has hitherto characterized the world war. Of all statesmen, in Britain or in France and Russia, Lloyd-George stands self-committed to ruthless punishment of the Germans. The Welsh lawyer has been blunt in his speech, and insofar as diplomatic language is made up of ambiguities he has certainly made a poor show as a diplomat, but his present elevation to the highest position in the British empire is evidence, whatever political intrigue there may have been, that his straightforward declarations are endorsed by the people.

And it has been said that the Germans were no diplomats; they were gruff, hard-headed soldiers incapable of the finesse of haute politique! Could a better example of the astuteness of the Teuton be imagined, however, than the present peace proposal? Kaiser Wilhelm knows all about the reaction in France against sacrificing more blood than the Russians may realize their dream of placing the ikon in St. Sophia at Constantinople; he knows that the British are obliged to maintain an army in Ireland to keep the rebels in subjection; he knows, that although his own country is blockaded, the problem of food supplies is more serious for the Allies than for himself; yet he knows that the Triple Entente will scorn his proposal of an armistice. Whatever may be said of the other belligerents Great Britain is at this juncture too proud to quit.

It is obvious that the Kaiser is addressing himself indirectly to the neutrals who are heartily bored by the prolongation of the war. On Tuesday you immediately saw in the streets of our cities the effects of this

peace offering. As the newsboys cried, "End of the war," "The Kaiser surrenders," the papers were snapped up by excited pedestrians, who were already diffusing the "peace on earth" spirit. People smiled at each other and read the cheering news over each other's shoulders. Now they could go about their Christmas shopping with the old-time holiday abandon, for after all, the boys were to be out of those dreadful trenches before the twenty-fifth.

Of course, next day there was a reaction. The British had not leapt to accept the olive-branch held out by the Kaiser with his sob story of suffering humanity; and naturally those neutrals who did not take the trouble to do a little thinking were a little "sore" that the Allies should not have behaved prettily. Another Christmas spoiled! It is possible that the Kaiser counted upon this reaction and resentment, and although it may make more difficult the work of the Allied statesmen, after all their countries have gone through it is hardly likely that any irritableness on the part of neutrals will swerve them from the path they have marked out. It may not be, as an Irish member of parliament put it, that the Kaiser is like the poker player who until two in the morning has had successful play, and then when his luck turns, surveys the big pile of chips before him, and announces that his doctor has given him strict orders not to stay up late at nights; it may not be that the Germans are at the zenith of their triumphs; but it only requires a few moments of sober reflection to realize that it is impossible for Great Britain, at any rate, to cease hostilities, however in her heart of hearts she may desire so to do. Her prestige in some respects has been rudely shaken since she set out to punish German militarism, but she is certainly not prepared to accept defeat, as would be the case if she acceded to the Kaiser's suggestion to throw up the sponge.

BRAVE AND BEAUTIFUL DREAM

JUST fifteen more days until the demonstration of San Diego's brave and beautiful dream becomes a thing of the past with the closing of the Garden Fair, as the old year ushers in the new. In this time San Diego has become known to the world as a city of enterprise and great artistic beauty. But what the world does not realize is the splendid effort that is here represented, even though there be those who can see in it a marvelous demonstration of the fruitfulness and the wonderful possibilities for quick and lovely garden and architectural effects. These are truly magical. The tiny shrub and tree, the twig of a vine, the myriad seeds have transformed the hillsides and retired nooks, the white arched colonnades and patches of greensward into most wondrous reproductions of a magic city from some fairy tale or from the old world—all in two short years. This is nature's response to man in California.

But the real, red-blooded story is contained in the determination and large vision that made San Diego's dream a reality. Having decided, three years ago, to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal with a Fair to which the world should be invited, discouragements to quail the stoutest heart developed. The San Francisco Fair project, the beginning of the war, the prospect of close times financially throughout the country then looming large, and a disastrous period of high water, threatened the year's water supply of the city. Did San Diegans lie down supinely and let the vision pass? The Fair itself has answered this splendidly. Let the plaudits of the world ring in the ears of the plucky. Collier, Davidson, Capps and a score of principals in San Diego worked faithfully preparing the way for the great realization of the city's dream. Equal honor to them all.

And now will the fair dream fade into nothingness utterly? It cannot. The impetus it will give artistic thought in California cannot be calculated immediately but there is no doubt it will be felt in many ways. Then it is good to know that San Diegans purpose preserving a portion of the buildings—the quadrangle where the administration of the Fair was housed, the Fine Arts Palace and the surrounding group. Music will continue to find a home here and certain of the more artistic and substantial buildings will be utilized for educational purposes. Thus the grounds and a portion of the beautiful buildings will remain open to the pub-

lic even after farewell has been said. The memory of this beauty spot will go on in many ways and in many minds. And now farewell and congratulations.

COMPULSORY STATE MEDICINE

A OPPORTUNITY for propaganda is being made of the commission appointed by the state legislature to examine into the various aspects of health insurance by those who are desirous of a socialization of medical practice, and if Californians don't watch out the doctors will surely "git" them. This propaganda desires "to make the public understand the necessity of frequent examinations, the value of supervision rather than mere treatment;" and "if the people at large could be interested in the matter sufficiently to make them act at all they would probably make the organization complete and arrive with one leap at state medicine." There you have it. You are going to be doctored whether you will or no.

Now, we are familiar with the socialist argument that as all the people in a state maintain all the doctors in the state in order to cure them when they are sick they might as well pay those doctors through the state to prevent people from sickness and indeed give them a bonus on a reduced death rate. That is excellent in theory but some medical men we know, having regard to the acknowledgedly inexact state of their science, are candid enough to say, "Heaven forbid that we doctors be given compulsory powers over private citizens." It may be true, just as the more crime there is the more prosperous are the police, that the more sickness there is the more healthy it is for the doctor's bank-roll; but there is at present not sufficient evidence that the medical men know enough about disease and the ways of curing it to justify their endowment with compulsory powers. Bernard Shaw, for instance, who is for state compulsion in all sorts of things, tried in his "Doctor's Dilemma" to make out that even with the great advances in medical knowledge practitioners are yet but a sorry set of bunglers, forgetting that if he is logical in his state socialism he must nevertheless compulsorily hand himself and the bodies of his fellow citizens over to the empirical care of these same "bunglers."

It is old-fashioned to talk about personal liberty, and, admittedly as society becomes more complicated and highly organized, it involves further interference with the life and conduct of the individual citizen, but there is surely a reasonable limit. Otherwise, we shall soon see Mr. Private Citizen, who, because too busy

THE BURR UNDER THE SADDLE



—Baltimore Star.

And He did SO Want to Make a Hit with Columbia!

"MORE!"—THE WIDOW'S MITE



—N. Y. Evening Post.

making bread and butter for his bairns, and enough money to pay his increasing state taxes, has neglected to appear at the City Hall for his weekly inspection, being held up in Broadway by the state doctor and a squad of police and forcibly made to put out his tongue for the "once-over." And what lively elections we shall see, when the fight is on between the various factions for possession of the state medicine-chest! Possibly a bloc composed of the advocates of mental therapeutics, faith healers, psycho-analysts, osteopaths and homeopaths may triumph at the polls over the lancetites and the serumites, what time the poor patient has not a kick left, because he will have paid his doctor's bills in advance to Sacramento.

But there is a ray of hope. Those who are seeking compulsory methods and discussing "the harmful results of free choice of physicians," are lecturing among the women voters a great deal. Well, there will be a slump in the propaganda as soon as the woman understands that under a state system she will not be able to choose her own personal doctor. Regarding that sacred prerogative the average woman is adamant.

BASTILLE OF LOS ANGELES

IF the state of the city jail is half so bad as it is made out to be then the citizens of Los Angeles as well as the prisoners, will be grateful to the clubwomen who have brought it to public notice. Man's inhumanity to man is no more eloquently illustrated than in the prison system, and throughout the United States there are to be found dungeons that no feudal oubliette could improve upon. There is a movement for a new jail in Los Angeles. Harold Janss, president of the Ad Club, says that "it is the worst advertising Los Angeles has ever had . . . to permit a relic of the dark ages to fester in the heart of the city." But in any case, though we had a city jail architecturally as beautiful as the cathedral of Rheims we should not necessarily be proud of it, and print its picture in double-page spreads in the eastern magazines as an inducement to tourists. A prison is still a prison, and always something to be ashamed of. Men are incarcerated therein presumably to be punished for their misdeeds; if miscreants are not to be chastised the prison is unnecessary. There is no excuse, however, for insanitary buildings and the horde of rats. Confinement, restraint of liberty, and enforced labor, are the punishments ordered by the court, and it is unlawful and inhuman for jailers to add to this the torture and misery such as apparently are the common lot of the criminal lodged in the local Bastille.

However, we may trust those active in reform in Los Angeles not to rush to the other extreme, such as has been done in other parts of the country, when the humane feelings of a community have been outraged by an expose of jail conditions. Hearts are not really so full of compassion for the poor prisoners that the outcome of the present movement will result in private valets, private tiled baths, silk pajamas without stripes, a French chef, masseurs and manicurists, Persian rugs and damask curtains. If the new jail is to be as luxurious as Sing Sing is now said to be, we shall be advertising for the wrong kind of tourist.

ABORIGINES AS WORD PAINTERS

GEORGE MOORE was quoted by a writer in the Atlantic Monthly as regretting that when our ancestors crossed the Atlantic they did not adopt the Sioux language, particularly if it was not a written lan-

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE



"And Santy, I wanna pony, a dwum, a nair-ship, a —"
—Philadelphia Ledger.

guage, "because uneducated people, especially when they cannot read at all, are always more literary than the educated." His argument is that the peasants of a country invariably use in their speech images that are inspired by what they see about them and never abstract terms. It was not until Dr. Stephen R. Riggs, of the American board of missions, compiled a grammar and dictionary of the Dakota language, in the sixties, that the Sioux came to have a written speech, hence our ancestors could have "gone to the soil" without any literary incumbrances to found an original American tongue—providing the Sioux existed as a nation at that time, which is not certain. There is no doubt as to the directness of the Sioux language and particularly of its vividness of imagery.

In nomenclature, especially, does the Sioux tongue excel. Witness the naming of its big chiefs, many of whose individualistic titles have been famous in frontier history. What more suggestive than Young-Man-Afraid-o f-His-Horses? Of Sitting Bull, of Chief Bull Head, Strikes-the-Kettle, Crazy Horse—to recall a few at random? One of Sitting Bull's children was known as The-One-That-Was-Left. When Custer's Seventh cavalry charged the village in the Little Big Horn valley, the Indian squaws fled in disorder and in her terror the papoose was overlooked by the frightened mother. Later, she returned, after Custer and his men had been wiped out, and the child's christening dated from that tragic time. We know a Sioux twin who bore the significant name Comes-She-First. Another charming young squaw on the Standing Rock reservation rejoiced in the appellation of Mary Hairy-Chin. She had a mole carrying a single spear of hair on the lower part of her face. Mary was bestowed by the Episcopal mission, in lieu of the Sioux designation. Always, the Dakota name is descriptive. Sitting Bull, is of course, the English translation of the Sioux original, which is true of all the other names here cited.

George Moore is correct when he says the uneducated employ more perfect imagery, because it is essentially materialistic and decidedly frank. There are names borne by Sioux girls whose English equivalents would shock her cultivated American sisters. They represent, perhaps, a phase of her birth, an incident of her babyhood, a mark on her body from which her name has been derived. We cannot agree that the unlettered Sioux is more literary than his educated white brother of the city, but when it comes to word painting he has the urban scholar backed off the boards, as the sporting editor would say. This trait is not peculiar to the Sioux, of course. It is true of the Cheyennes, the Crows, the Mandans, Arickarees, and all the northwest plains Indians. Also of the Indians of the southwest, the Apaches, Navajos, Moquis, Mayas, Utes and Pueblos. We find in Hawaii and the Polynesian and Melanesian groups the same tendency to go to nature for all speech imagery, as opposed to the abstract terms of the European. The richness of these descriptive phrases, their fecundity of expression, can only be appreciated by those who have heard them at the source. They are often shockingly frank—to the "civilized" ear—but never unmistakable as to meaning.

THE CONTRIBUTOR WHO CALLS

AN editor we know says that never but once, in fifteen years' experience, has he accepted a manuscript that was brought to him unsolicited. He goes on to make the point that the contributor who carries his wares about from office to office, making appointments by telephone with busy editors, wasting their time in useless chatter about the "facts" on which his particular story is based, is usually of such limited mental endowment, and such a natural bore, that his work is bound to bear the earmarks of his stupidity.

These visiting authors are always those, he further says, who insist upon knowing the reasons for rejecting a manuscript—as if the modern magazine editor



The Plaza

Etching by Marion Holden Pope.
La Reina de Los Angeles 1781
(From "Los Angeles: From the Sierras to the Sea")

had time to tell his contributors why their stories or articles or poems are unavailable! They want specific criticism; they want to know the needs of the editor upon whom they call; and when he tells them that the quickest way to learn all that is to study the periodical, they say they haven't time to read magazine stories—they are too busy writing them!

This same editor, disheartened over the poor grade of fiction that was coming to him, recently wrote an article in his magazine, telling young authors that their work would find a ready market with him if it was up to the standard his periodical had set. He begged for stories from these young writers' experience, from their heart, from their very soul; and he made it plain that he was in a hospitable mood, and was sincere in his desire to get young blood, new enthusiasm, a new point of view.

What was the result? His telephone began to ring the day after his magazine was on sale, asking for "further information"; his reception-room was crowded with a vainglorious group of youngsters who bore scenarios of moving-pictures under their arms—sketches, not stories; and they wondered why he was not as courteous to them as his article led them to believe he would be. They asked a hundred questions, none of which was apropos of his magazine's requirements; he was bombarded with the contents of emptied trunks and bureau drawers. No "new enthusiasm" was here!—only the old-old stuff, not even refurbished or regilded, but just thrown at him with looks that seemed to say, "Here it is at last—that big, vital American short story you are looking for!"

This editor now knows that it does not always pay to be too kind and generous. You cannot teach people how to write—they must learn for themselves. Fiction writers, no less than poets, are born, not made. And the man who eats up another's time is apt to have no time of his own when he can think and dream and work. And he goes away disgruntled. He never knows.—The Bookman.

GRAPHITES

Alcohol may be a good substitute for gasoline but too many people try to mix them.

* * *

Must be the height of approbation to throw eggs at an actor.

* * *

The American banker has a mind of his own.

* * *

Do your coupon clipping early.

* * *

A boycott on foods sounds like spanking the consumer with his own tail.



Have You a Question to Ask?

By Pearl Rall



THREE centers to which come more foolish, and equally as many interesting, questions than to any other public institutions I can recall are a railway station, a telephone exchange of a large daily newspaper and the reference desk of the Public Library. Just ask at any of these sources for a list of the questions received from the patrons daily. We have all added our quota of labor to the regime of these employees, at one time or another. Mayhap we had an appointment in Pasadena at 10:30 a. m. to meet friends at a certain number on California street, or were going to San Diego tomorrow: what car or train should we take and when? Or there was a great baseball game in progress at Washington Park: Central, tell me what is the score, who's in the lead now? Or we have organized a new club, or intend to build a new bungalow: Reference Department, can you tell us what would be nice, and suitable for our year's program; or what have you in the way of bungalow plans in your department?

Now two persons who receive more inquiries than any other in the Public Library are Miss Gertrude Darlow of the circulation department and Miss Susanna C. Ott of the reference desk, and each has her corps of assistants. Stopping at Miss Darlow's desk in the circulation room it may be your inquiry can be answered there if it concerns the selection of books or a bit of information that comes within the department: such as a certain poem you have heard, or a book for a sick or despondent friend, or the latest war novel. But if it requires research and more diligent inquiry you pass on to Miss Ott's department. Before we do so, however, I want to tell you one or two curious things I learned recently at Miss Darlow's desk. That of the 290,000 volumes the subjects most popular for general reading—aside from fiction—have been books of optimism, including New Thought, Christian Science, and the occult, books of the drama and concerning the war. Non-fiction has gained immensely since the war and there are two classes of readers, those who devour everything they can get about the war, including fundamentals, and those who will have nothing concerning it. Histories, biographies and the more serious books have become quite the vogue, not in light fashion but in intensive reading. That poetry has had a wonderful renaissance locally as elsewhere, and that a half an hour after the news of Jack London's death was printed in the newspapers everything written by him was off the shelves. In fact a sermon, a lecture at a woman's club, a bit of a news note often has its immediate effect upon this department, in inquiries for information regarding the subject or for books thereon.

"Questions about everything under the sun are directed to this department," said Miss Ott. "Many appear decidedly foolish to us, and yet, we approach every inquiry with seriousness, for one never knows when a trivial matter may be serious to the inquirer. For instance, one little girl came to us about a year ago asking a detail in the dress of the Assyrian kings, which meant much painstaking research. At last the desired information was secured, for which she rewarded us by informing us her position in a certain motion picture depended upon getting this detail. It evidently was a matter of great importance to her. Others are quite as foolish as they sound. One woman came to us for the names of all the Belgian architects and their work. After an exhaustive search of all the material in the Library we discovered that she had been told she was the re-incarnation of a Belgian architect, but which one she did not know and she desired to study all of them to discover which one. This is but one such case.

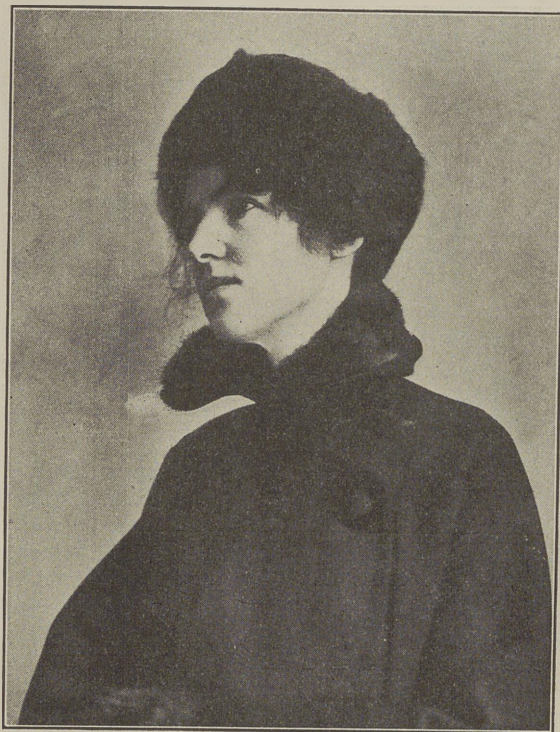
"Speaking of the dress of the Assyrian kings: we do much for the motion picture companies, working for months often on the details of historical scenes as to costuming and topographical effects. The theaters also apply to us for verification of settings, costumes and reference to the authorities as to certain technical matters of stagecraft. We have not had so much of this as formerly, for some reason or other.

"You remember five years ago when the Model House-Planning Commission considered the building of sanitary quarters for the poorer section? Well, we were kept busy studying the matter and getting information for this project. As a result we have a very fine set of reference books on architecture and house planning of all kinds. Upon those subjects in which interest is manifested we buy everything we can get to meet the public demand. There is, however, no interest in the city of Los Angeles that the reference department is not anxious to serve,—more than anxious. There is no architect that the art department can not help, for the Library has bought heavily of

expensive books on architecture, such as few of the bigger architects even care to spend money for; not to mention the struggling architects, without means. This is true also of interior decoration, music, sociology and other technical subjects. The books are supplemented by valuable files of magazines on these subjects also. The music department, you know, contains an excellent collection of music for circulation, one of the best in the United States. Indeed, few libraries circulate the music as we do, and none, to my knowledge, has a piano for the use of the public.

"The present reference department contains all the general cyclopedias, of course; in English and foreign languages, the general handbooks, and the books on the special subjects of philosophy and its allied subjects of ethics, psychology, religion, literature, history, biography and travel, and complete files of the magazines belong here. These are completely indexed so that at a moment's notice it is possible to locate any article in them."

While the seasons are not marked by any noticeable lessening or peculiarity in the reading of Library patrons, according to Miss Darlow, folks reading about the same the year round—except that tourists show more marked interest in California history and California books generally than citizens of the state—in



—Weston Studio.

Miss Susanna C. Ott, "Wise Lady"

Miss Ott's department late summer is a dull season. With the schools closed and the clubs inactive Miss Ott and her assistants bring out very particular work that no one has had time to do in the rush season—which by the way, is exceedingly painstaking and valuable work. One of these is a bibliography as to Robert Browning and his work which Miss Mary L. Boynton has been collecting and indexing for several years and which will take yet another year to complete. It will be the most extensive ever made and is to be published.

"Perhaps the most frequent applicants we have are students and clubwomen. When I tell you that a certain suburban club served E. A. Brininstool's "Trail Dust of a Maverick," Stephen Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca" and Ibsen's "Ghosts" on the same program and suffered a bad case of intellectual indigestion and disgust with things literary, generally, you will see how we can be of great assistance. These women did not know what was best combined, what was deemed most worthy in the latest current fiction nor how to grade their work to a proper appreciation of each according to its kind. A large part of our work, therefore, lies in the compilation of programs for women's clubs. One program of conspicuous interest is that which outlines a year's study of California, its history, literature, science and art. This has been used by clubs all over the state. We also make out each year a list of the season's best books, in April, and this is for use by all the women's clubs and Library patrons. These cover the subjects of fiction, poetry, drama, travel, science and are such books as would be profitable for reviewing in the various clubs. Last year this list was mimeographed and sent out through the Southern California Federa-

tion of Women's Clubs by the thousands. It also gives the prices and the publisher for purchase should the membership so desire.

"Making out bibliographies or reading lists is another useful and helpful work we do for persons following a certain line of study. There is one on Spanish Source Material in the Library, on the History of California, California Writers, California Land Grants, California Botany, and the whole gamut from Tagore to Kipling, and Calvin to Jeanne d'Arc, Systems of Folk-Lore to Keltic Revival.

"Much of our work concerns itself with the corporate patron and we have three club rooms for self-improvement clubs and student classes. For these, books are purchased and reserved from the circulating department during the time of their needs. We are always glad of the service of the specialist in recommending books for such purpose. For if we do not have the books needed we want to get them. Several healthy clubs of the city owe their start to the encouragement extended in their infancy, in this way.

"This department is the proud possessor of a very fine collection of California, of Spanish books relating to the history of the southwest—rare old vellum books from the missions of Mexico and California—an excellent collection of early travel, in many cases original editions, diaries of the early missionaries, not to mention such valuable reprints and later editions as Kingsborough, Antiquities of Mexico, Maudsley, Archaeology of Mexico and Central America, the Royal Asiatic Society Publications, Imperial Gazetteer of India, Thwaites, Early American Travels, Blair and Robertson, Philippine Islands, Jesuit Relations, Vulgate Version of King Arthur, the Church Fathers, and a really creditable collection of books on genealogy.

"Technology, Sociology and Fine Arts—the Library is the mirror for the time, reflecting immediately all such popular movements as modern drama, moving pictures, pageantry, social psychology, city planning, better babies—everything. It plans pageants, designs bungalows, corrects poems and encourages poets, works out details of costumes and scenes for plays, locates your grandfather, designs you a coat of arms after the most approved pattern, tells you what to do to take that grease spot out of your new poplin or the freckles off your nose.

"Recently we have been keeping a copy of the questions asked and they range like this: 'Material concerning Vizcaino's voyage to the coast of California; concerning the Catholic Church in the Dark Ages; List of French and German works not yet translated; Relations between Chile and Argentina in boundary dispute; Military customs and weapons of the Philippines; Extent to which the motion picture industry has advanced in Asia; the new woman in drama; account of Molly Maguires; list of novels with ministers for heroes; plays that have been produced in little theaters of the country; influence of the Methodists during the Revolution' and the like.

"Do you know there is a lot of human interest here, too. You've no idea how many persons come here year after year and month after month and some day after day. I look at them and wonder why they come and what their lives mean. There are many character types who would make good stories. And yet it is not the person with a vast storehouse of information in her head who makes the best reference room worker. It is she who has a keen interest in the pursuit of knowledge, to whom each inquiry brings a keenness of enthusiasm and quickness to grasp the subject, with imagination enough to follow it up with zest."

Sonnet

(To Charles Mills Gayley)

His figure tall and lithe is firmly knit;
The iron-grey locks that his high forehead crown
Are still aglint with threads of golden-brown;
With human sympathy his eyes are lit.
Tempered his words of wisdom are by wit;
His ripened scholarship wins wide renown.
Revered he is alike by "town and gown,"
And on each heart his name in love is writ.

Prize we his lyrics, graceful fancies light,
His learning based on classic lore profound.
His sane philosophy, religion sound;
Yet his best self appears by fireside bright;
There nearer looms the vision of the Grail;
Dear poet, critic, scholar, friend—all hail!

—BELLE COOPER

Review of Poetry of the Year

By Marguerite Wilkinson

COMPETITION is such a strong force as an incentive to excellence that most of us love to hear the crowning word "best" pronounced, to feel that it sets a seal of supreme distinction upon any work of man. And a few of us, the critics, have so great a love for the judicial powers of the appraiser of values that they are willing to gratify us by calling a few things "best" among many that are good. And this does no real harm provided we always remember that their judicial comment is never final, that often they must hazard a guess as a boy throws stones into the clouds at random; it is possible for a good critic to know positively what work is good, but it is impossible for him to acclaim it best and be certain that for all time he is right. The less store he sets by superlatives the more certain he is to deal justice and mercy to the books he reads.

With that thought in mind, however, it is safe to look back upon the year through which we have just passed, a most interesting year in the annals of modern poetry, and decide which of the several books of original verse, and which anthologies and which books of criticism have given us the keenest pleasure, and to search out, in the intricate byways of our own minds, the reasons for our pleasure. In that spirit I am offering a list of volumes of poetry that have been brought to my attention as editor of this department for the past twelve months, and that seem to me to be volumes that the lover of contemporary poetry should wish to possess—a little better, or perhaps a good deal better than most of the well written verse that is sent in to be reviewed.

Two poets have given me a sharp and unforgettable personal pleasure. The first of them is Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, whose "Battle and Other Poems" is a clean-cut, finely felt and perfectly thought out portrayal of life. It is poetry written in impeccable English with that rare thing which has come to be almost cant among critics, so often do they find it where it is not—verbal economy and austerity. He has loved his nation and shared in her sacrifice but he has not reverted to mediaevalism in writing about her war. He has made no glamour of words to cover its ugliness. He has been true to the life of the twentieth century and its ideals, to his own soul, I doubt not, and to the larger soul of the race.

The other poet whose work has meant most to me this year is Adelaide Crapsey, dead before the poets and lovers of poetry learned to know her, before we could offer her the homage that is due an exquisite achievement. It is often supposed that a short poem is easy to write, which is not true. If American literature has produced any series of very short poems perfect in form and language, full to the brim with the passionate power of poetry in each one of them, that series, surely, is Adelaide Crapsey's little series of "Cinquains." They were originally published in

that very mixed and varied anthology called "Others." They are now included in her volume, "Verses."

Our thanks are due, also, to John Masefield for going on to give us more of his robust and beautiful poetry in "Good Friday and Other Poems," to Irene Rutherford McLeod for her "Songs To Save a Soul," an honest, vigorous little book of songs that are better than feminine because they are womanly. Margaret Widdemer's volume of graceful, lovable verse gives pleasure. Rabindranath Tagore penetrates more deeply than ever into the Western consciousness by giving us "Fruit Gathering." Amy Lowell has warmed and humanized the hard cult of perfect imagism in presenting "Men, Women and Ghosts." John Gould Fletcher has given us very vivid and meaningful pictures of Arizona in "Goblins and Pagodas." Edgar Lee Masters has not approached the verity and strength of "The Spoon River Anthology" in his "Songs and Satires," for he can not write songs and ought not to try, but he has given us a number of poems—for example "All Life In a Life" that are full of interest and thought value. Carl Sandburg's roughly realistic kodak views of Chicago and his vehement idealistic outpourings are worthy of mention as are also the quaint, serene and shadowy poems of Walter de la Mare published in "The Listeners." Alfred Kreymborg has excelled in imaginative suggestion by the use of symbols and his book, "Mushrooms" is the best possible example of a verbal "Multum in parvo." Mary Aldis has given much pleasure to many new readers and in particular to readers of The Graphic in the collecting and publishing of her "Flashlights."

But we must not forget The Californians who have contributed of their best to American literature this year. George Sterling is always thought of when we mention California poetry, and deservedly, but his reputation, to which he is adding steadily year after year, is so well established that in his case comment is almost unnecessary. All good Californians are proud of Mr. Sterling, just as they are proud of our gracious laureate Miss Ina Coolbrith. This year Mr. Sterling has written "The Evanescent City" a noteworthy poem on the Exposition, and a volume of lyrics which Miss Monroe has praised most heartily in Poetry. Two young California poets have been mentioned very recently and at length in The Graphic. Ruth Comfort Mitchell, whose "Night Court and Other Verses" has seemed to me to be a very sane, tender, prescient and charming revelation of our American moods and behavior, is one of them. The other, Robinson Jeffers whose new book, "Californians" is like a visit to a new California. To these books by Californians should be added Charles Keeler's "Victory" published by Lawrence Gomme which has just reached me and will be reviewed at the earliest opportunity.

Four good anthologies have been important in our literature this year. The best by far has seemed to me to be "Georgian Poetry, 1913-1915." In fact, it is a book without which no modern library is complete. It includes examples of admirable work by the most admirable masters of English poetry known to us as contemporaries, John Masefield, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, Rupert Brooke, William F. Davies, Gordon Bottomley, Ralph Hodgson, Walter de la Mare and others. Mr. Braithwaite's anthologies are always interesting and worth while and the last was no exception to the general rule. The Imagist Anthology was fairly representative of the best work of that much discussed school and The Chicago anthology has been acceptable.

No discussion of the year's poetic achievements is complete without mention of Cloyd Head's "Grotesques," a remarkable poetic "decoration in black and white" staged at The Chicago Little Theater and greatly admired and honored by critics. It represents the new spirit in American dramatic poetry and is, at the same time, the personal and individual achievement of Mr. Head and could have been created by no one else, an unusually original creation.

In the matter of popularity poetry has grown steadily during the past year. Many states and many universities are founding poetry societies. Poetry is not merely being written. It is being bought, really bought in book stores, and it is being taken home affectionately and read. The people of the land are opening their hearts to poetry. A few critics have said, in disparagement of the present situation, that poetry is being written by everybody. The statement is not strictly true. I would be more discreet to say that everybody is trying to write poetry. But even the long suffering reviewer who has to read "on and on and on and on" through volume after volume of stilted or slovenly English, sentiment as thick as lather on a shaving

brush and incoherent thinking, even that reviewer, I say, should be glad, if he loves poetry, that everybody is trying to write it. For in a nation where many people attempt to practice an art many people learn something of its power and beauty and acquire an intimate interest in it that makes it possible for them to rejoice in more perfect work than their own. And this great growth of popular interest is what makes smoother the path before the coming of the masters.

Imagism seems to be less important in people's minds than heretofore as a topic of discussion and free verse as a fad is not so much in vogue. But imagism and the popular use of free verse at its best have contributed much that is valuable to the popular understanding of the essentials of poetry, and have made apparent to us many faults and mannerisms of the more conventional poets which we had allowed ourselves to accept placidly as necessary evils. And free verse, with which we have hitherto been making experiments which may not live, can be, I believe, nobly used for noble purposes by greater geniuses yet to be.

Well may those who have found joy in the poetry revival take pride and pleasure in what the year 1916 has brought to pass. And with good hopes we may all look forward to the further growth of artistic and national greatness through poetry in the year that is to come.

Hope

'Mid discouragements and with griefs to bear,
And unsatisfied longings of the soul;
Desires pressing strong and each taking toll;
Driven strongly by worry and care,
Obstacles confronting everywhere.
The way is uncertain, forboding, dark;
No auspicious course inviting to embark,
With eager steps, along Life's thoroughfare.
HOPE comes to prepare the way, with it's spur
Onward to love, joy and happiness clear,
And the nobler aspirations to stir.
Henceforth to strive without lagging and fear,
And strong purpose no longer defer.
Guided, charmed and soothed by kind words of gold
The heart made tender shall never grow old.

—ORRA EUGENE MONNETTE.

Rhymed Ragout

The winter travel has begun
The tourists now are swarming
The scarcity of dancing men
They say is quite alarming.

The city had a visit from
The rat-exterminator;
If of the rodents we are rid
We'll have to tell you later.

The English sparrow cannot stop
To chirp in Santa Ana;
The city fathers have decreed
In a peremptory manner.

San Gabriel's golf tourney's on
The stars are all assembling;
The youthful aspirants for cups
With eagerness are trembling.

The gridiron's quite in evidence
And maidens' hearts do flutter;
They say we'll soon have Quite
A drop in groceries and butter.

Society is all agog;
The Hearsts are in the city.
The forecast says we'll get some frost
So early—what a pity.

The skirts they say are still quite high
So is the cost of living;
And everybody's cutting down
Their lists for Christmas giving.

—NANCY LEWIS.

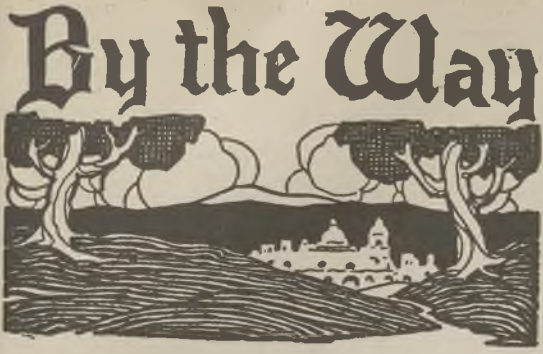
The Seven Arts Magazine Launched

While dozens of publications are falling by the wayside and others are advancing subscription prices, it does not seem a propitious time to engage in the publishing business, yet here is an announcement of The Seven Arts, which stands for "the American spirit," whatever that may be; and numbers among its contributors Willard Huntington Wright, J. D. Beresford, Sherwood Anderson, James Oppenheim, Edna Kenton and others. Thus does the desire to preach become an itch to print.

All's Fair in Love



McTavish: "That's a fine lassie opposite."
Dun Brown: "Would you like an introduction?"
McTavish: "Weel, yes; but wait, mon, till the conductor's been round."—Sydney Bulletin.

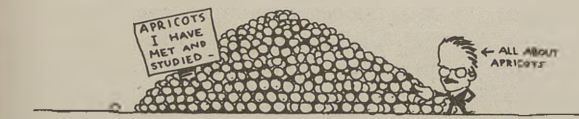


The General's Irish Story

General James Montgomery Bell, of Pasadena, tells with a chuckle the story of a cavalry trooper who was notorious for being late at roll-call. On one occasion, however, the usually tardy one happened to be the first to fall in. It was a great surprise to the sergeant, who had almost given up the trooper as incorrigible, and he expressed himself sarcastically: "Huh! Ye're furrst at lahst. Ye've bin urrly uv late. Ye've ahlwuz bin behint befor."

Poet-Professor

Friends of Prof. Odell Shepard, formerly a member of the English Department in the University of Southern California, and now an instructor at Harvard, will be interested to know of Mr. Shepard's success recently in securing publication for a number of things from his pen. The Poetry Review recently contained his article on "The Stuff of Poetry." A recent issue of the Literary Digest reprinted the Harvard Commencement Ode which Mr. Shepard read at the 1916 commencement, while he was doing graduate work in the University. The selection of a graduate student to read the Ode is in itself considered a decided honor, since a member of the senior class is almost always chosen for this post. The Ode has received warm commendation from many literary critics, and was referred to in terms of hearty admiration by Dr. E. C. Moore on his visit to the University at the 1916 summer session. Professor Shepard is the author of a volume entitled "Questions on Shakespeare," recently published by Houghton Mifflin and Company, which is receiving warm commendation from reviewers. It is based on work he prepared for his classes at U. S. C. Professor Shepard is also the author of a recent article in the "Contributors' Club" of the Atlantic Monthly.



Expert in Apricots

Over in the Alexandria the other day I ran across George C. Roeding, president of the Fancher Creek nurseries at Fresno. He is not the sort of a man to blow his own horn very loudly, but we here record the fact that for thirty-three years he has been specializing in apricots, of which California has practically a monopoly; and Mr. Roeding's long experience would qualify him in assuming to be an expert. He does not pretend to be one, but on the word of William D. Curtis we say that he is. Any man who gives consistent attention to an important subject for thirty-three years must be regarded as qualified to pass as an expert.

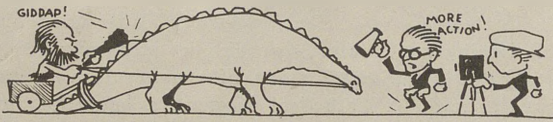
Interesting Experiment

Patrolman Griffith may have achieved undying glory among movie fans for the neat manner in which he held up Wells Fargo for twenty thousand dollars, but from newspaper accounts said bandit appears to be "getting his." I am not here concerned about the latest methods of the third degree, all in the sacred name of science, but I am wondering what the patrolman thought when a man known as an alienist began to hurl words at him, not with the usual bullyings necessary in third degree, but with the sweetness of the soothsayer in a come-now-we're-only-trying-to-help-you tone of voice. I am told that "word-association consists of speaking any word to the subject and requiring an immediate answer." The first word that a victim—beg pardon, subject—utters in response is supposed to put the sleuths on the correct trail of all the crimes committed by the criminal since he first cut down the cherrytree, or whatever his original offense was. What would any man, held so that he could not break away, think, when quite a rational-looking individual solemnly began to say to him, "bag," "boil," "road," "cat," "mother," etc? Not understanding that this was psycho-analysis, the latest little game in science, he would be apt at first blush to have doubts as to the real character of the particular public institution in which he was confined. However, the test in the patrolman's case appears not to have been without its grim humor. "Hell" was the word suddenly hurled at him by the

doctor, and quick came the answer, "jail." Which was the best kind of corroboration of Alma Whitaker's article in The Times descriptive of the disgraceful condition of the local lock-up. Even if that particular article does not effect the needed reform, perhaps it would be a deterrent to a certain class of tourist if reprints were pasted on the under side of freight cars coming to Southern California. To anybody straddling a brake beam Alma Whitaker's lurid details of Los Angeles' jail should prove comforting reading.

True Aristocracy

Just the other day Charles M. Schwab wrote, "The aristocracy of any country should be the men who have succeeded." That is precisely what they once were. All the old dukes and lords and barons and princes and things were the chaps who really did big work for their bosses, who were the kings. Historians a thousand years hence will reckon that log-cabin boy, A. Lincoln, an aristocrat of the nineteenth century, rather than some unknown nobody whose ancestor 300 years ago had the courage to sail to America in the Mayflower, but who did nothing himself. And the historian of 2916 will also mark up Mr. Schwab among our aristocrats—a fellow who refuses \$6,000,000 for his share in Bethlehem Steel just because he prefers to go on working, and who, as he himself says, permits men under him to earn as much as \$1,000,000 in a year. Aristocrat! You bet! And thirty years ago he was a day laborer, another of those eagles that came from an egg.



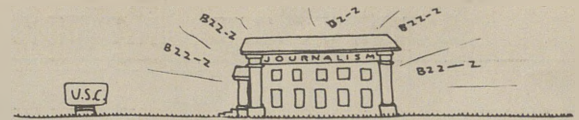
Pleistocene Pits to be Tidied

Hancock Park is likely to become one of the best show places in Southern California if present plans are carried out. In accordance with the stipulations of the donor, G. Allan Hancock, the county board of supervisors have appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars in order to turn the vicinity of the Pleistocene pits into something of a pleasure. But I hope the two-hundred-thousand-year-old resting-place of such darling domestic pets as the mylodon and the mastodon will be treated with due reverence and not be made too nice. Let us preserve some of the weirdness and wildness. If it is made trim and tidy it will be difficult for the imaginative among us to recall those playful days when the teratorias, the giant sloth and the cave bear gambolled on Wilshire boulevard. Of course, until there is a dance hall erected on the site, or arrangements have been made for submerging a few undesirable citizens in the tar-traps, there is not likely to be as great a crowd of sightseers as you may gather at Death Corner on a Santa Monica race day. The La Brea ranch is already famous in the uttermost ends of the earth, but to stimulate any interest in it among people who live within a strolling distance there possibly will have to be a big production by Griffith, with a wailing and gnashing battle of the mammoths, something after the atmosphere of Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants." There would naturally be a love-story in the plot, in which the swarthy cave-man from Hollywood, foiled of his attempt to carry off a West Adams heiress and tracked down by the Keystone cops of the period, meets a well-merited end in the boiling tar of La Brea. It is a good suggestion to reconstruct the bones of some of the prehistoric animals and place them in "life-like" positions around the pools. Then may the local poet meander down there at midnight and after a lobster supper imagine many things while sitting on a cake of asphalt. The outcome may be a great lamentation, bewailing the Pleistocene tragedies that have taken place on the treacherous banks of these bogs. Of course, if such a poem is to be a success in Los Angeles it will have to point a moral, and I suggest it will be found in the fact that it was thirst that brought those prehistoric creatures to their destruction.



Baseball and Banking

I have a letter from a friend in Lewiston, Maine, saying that Bill Carrigan, the manager of the Boston Red Sox, may after all accept the leadership of the club for another season. Bill is ambitious to become a banker, and a little extra something in the way of capital will come in handy. By a coincidence, the previous manager of the Red Sox, Jake Stahl, had considerable banking experience just previous to taking up his managerial duties. My own impression is that you will see Carrigan at the head of the Red Sox again next year.

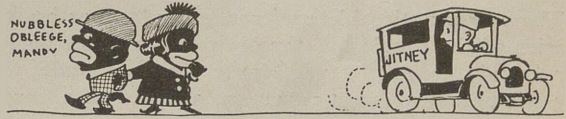


Live Head of a Live Department

Professor Bruce O. Bliven evidently believes in the old saying that the road to fortune is through printer's ink. He is writing a series of interesting articles on advertising and journalism for the technical trade paper, "Printer's Ink," a journal of high standing published in New York. Judging from the enthusiastic atmosphere prevailing there, Mr. Bliven's School of Journalism is not the least vigorous department of the University of Southern California. He seems to keep everybody cheerfully on the jump. Journalism is one of the jolliest of professions, notwithstanding Gissing's "Grub Street" or the lugubrious of latter-day disappointed ones; and I can hardly imagine a better introduction than through the classes at U. S. C. Pulitzer's money started on velvet the school of journalism at Columbia University, and some splendid departments have been added to other universities, but it seems to me that there is more of the "live-copy" spirit at U. S. C. than I have noticed at any other school. Anyhow, Mr. Bliven has already acquired a national reputation as an advertising adviser, and, from a literary point of view, you were able to judge of him by last week's number of The Graphic. By the way, did you notice how neatly he sidestepped any eat-'im-alive sort of review of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through"? It was a commendable example of modesty and diffidence that should not be lost on his own "cubs," and certainly would be well worth while for them to remember on the day when an editor lets them loose on society.

Admiration for Ambidextrous Woodrow

"What do I think of Woodrow? Why I admire him. I admire any man who can pray with one hand and play draw poker with the other." This is "Uncle Joe" Cannon's characterization of the President. "I am wearing no mourning as a result of the outcome of the presidential fight," he smiled. "Ever hear of the two negroes who were stealing chickens? The one on the inside of the coop became conscience-stricken and asked the one on the outside: 'Mose, do you think dis am de right thing to do?' 'Nevah min' dat righteousness stuff. Jus' han' me out anuvver un.' That's the position of the Republicans. We are getting ready to hand out another one in 1920."



"It's Simply Not Done, Sah!"

On the corner of Fifth and Main streets the other day two young colored people were waiting for a car, meanwhile giving the passersby something to stare at. He looked as if he were a Pullman porter just in from a satisfactory trip on the "de luxe." She was resplendent in a combination of green and pink. As a jitney came along she suggested boarding it, but, indignant, he replied, "No. I never see people of aristocratic liniments and stylish demeanor ever use such conveyances. We will take a cah."

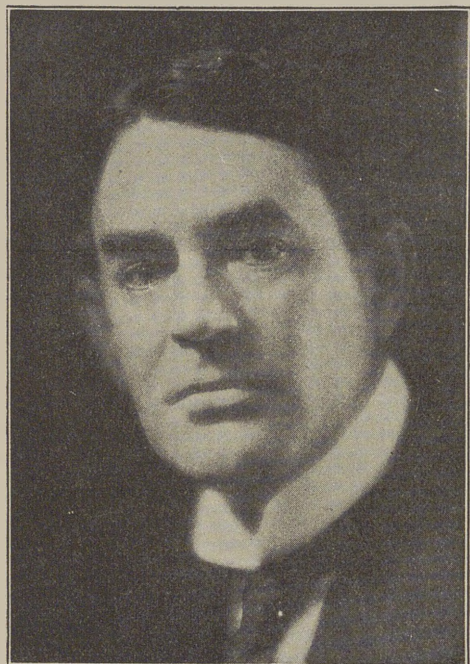
Weary Publisher-Ambassador

It is rumored that Walter Hines Page, aweary of his ambassadorial duties in these strenuous war times, is about to resign and return to his desk as active head of the house of Doubleday, Page and Company. When he accepted appointment to the Court of St. James it was thought by some that the Riverside Press, that model of a publishing institution, would suffer, but in his absence it must be said that his lieutenants and associates have acquitted themselves admirably, so that the prestige of their house has steadily advanced. If their chief does return I have no doubt he will enjoy handling the good books for which Doubleday, Page are famous more than he has enjoyed handling the various Notes from President Wilson. I'll wager that many a time in London he wished he had the same freedom of the Blue Pencil that he was accustomed to at the Riverside Press. Then, perhaps, some of the presidential notes would have been as severely edited as they deserved, or have been "returned as unsuitable for publication." Incidentally, E. K. Hoak, who represents Doubleday, Page in California, has made many friends here through his intelligent activities and zealous efforts to promote the interests of Southern California.

We fear that the Prohibition candidate will never receive a majority vote in this country until election day is shoved up to Jan. 1.—Boston Transcript.

Everyday Rambles Among Books

WHAT does the average woman read? And why does she read the books, periodicals and papers she does? Now these questions are not asked to be answered by a compilation of statistics in this article, illuminative as this might be; nor yet purposely to provoke others to thought on the subject and to lead them to observe for themselves, if sufficiently interested. It is merely a meditative ejaculation—one of those myriad "I wonders" we utter daily and pass on without waiting for a reply. For as a matter of fact this story concerns a busy housewife here in Los Angeles who has been reading not for self education, not to prepare a club paper, not to be able to converse on the latest



Francis Neilson, author of "A Strong Man's House."

book, the war or the modern trend of thought, philosophical or otherwise, but merely to amuse herself. She has laid out no line of thought, no course of reading, but has gone to the public library in the last four months and followed whither her fancy has led in the selection. The list is rather remarkable because of the fact, and well worth passing on.

There is a noticeable preference for "nature books," stories of the simple life, the optimistic and the unique, for certain elemental, yet highly spiritual souls, who see life as a wondrous adventure and not as a sordid, sensual struggle for existence and selfish gratification.

Beginning with Hamlin Garland's "Light of a Star," a story of stage life, Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt" and "A Fool and His Money" continue in the lighter vein. "Rambles of an Idler," by Charles Conrad, M. D., marks the first of the "nature books," with a subsequent visit with the girls and boys in Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Susanna and Sue" and Henry A. Shute's "Real Boys." Evidently both writers were pleasing for later in the list are to be found the "Story of Waitstill Baxter," by Mrs. Wiggins-Riggs, and the "Real Diary of a Real Boy," by the writer lawyer who remembers his boyhood so humorously yet truly. "Back Home," by Eugene Woods, a story of middle-west village life, and then back to the stilted story of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's time in "Odd or Even?" "Leaf and Tendril," by the beloved John Burroughs created a taste for his gentle philosophizing and love of the birds and bees and all nature. "A Year in the Fields," "Ways of Nature," and "Under the Apple Trees," the latter Burroughs' latest publication a few months ago, testify to this author's power to please.

Speaking of Burroughs' books, glancing through the list one notes "The Story of My Boyhood and Youth," by John Muir, a most fascinating volume the reading of which is almost equal to knowing the man himself and in which he tells of Bonnie Scotland, the land of his birth. There is Gene Stratton Porter's "Music of the Wild," with the shy folk of shrub and tree assembled in many beautiful art pictures from nature; Charles Livingston Bull's thrilling "Under the Roof of the Jungle," where the tooth and fang prevail; Henry David Thoreau's "Excursions," telling of a walking trip in Canada; J. P. Mowbray's "A Journey to Nature;" Arthur Henry's "The House in the Wood," which two weary city folk built by their own efforts while they communed with nature; Aubrey le Blond's (Mrs. Main's) "Adventures on the Roof of the World," being a story of her experiences as a mountain climber; Donald G. Mitchell's "My Farm of Edgewood," which tells of another writer's world weariness and attempt to return to nature's bosom for healing; Will Leving-

ton Comfort's "Child and Country," being a combination of theorizing on educational ideals and the ever-recurring cry to Mother Nature for surcease from the madness of the market-place, as well as "An Island Cabin," by Arthur Henry, and "Kingdom of Two," by Helen R. Albee, in similar tone.

Of light fiction there are of later ones Maravine Thompson's whimsical "Persuasive Peggy" and Belle K. Maniates' "Mildew Manse," and "What's His Name," the man of no individuality, by George Barr McCutcheon; "Son of His Mother," a lad who was an echo of his maternal parent, by Clara Viebig; "Twilight," Frank Danby's (Mrs. Frankau's) opium fancy finished just before her death last spring; "Those Queer Browns," by Florence Morse Kingsley; "Olive," by proper Miss Mulock; "Georgina of the Rainbows," one of Annie Fellows Johnston's latest stories, a brightly sparkling companion to Jewel; "Old Judge Priest," Irvin S. Cobb's inimitable stories of village life and its odd types of humanity; "Michael O'Halloran," Gene Stratton Porter's impossibly ideal man; Ian Maclaren's "Young Barbarians," delightfully mischievous chaps; J. M. Barrie's delicate fancy, "The Little White Bird;" Ellis Parker Butler's "The Jack-Knife Man," which has been dramatized; Dorothy Canfield's story of modern marriage and business life, "The Squirrel Cage;" William J. Locke's latest novel, "The Wonderful Year;" Grace Aguilar's story of Jewish martyrdom, "The Vale of Cedars;" Ian Maclaren's "Kate Carnegie;" Will Levington Comfort's sordid yet strangely contradictory "Midstream," a story of regeneration through struggle; and "A Cathedral Singer," a beautiful story of mother love centering around Morningside, New York.

Mark Twain was a very dear book friend. "How to Tell a Story," giving instructions in the gentle art of prevarication, was the first of Clemens' books read, followed by "What is Man," a characteristic satire. "A Tramp Abroad," and then the three volumes of Albert Bigelow Paine's life of Mark Twain gave a more personal and lasting touch to the book friendship, with the result that "Joan of Arc" and "An American Claimant" follow soon afterward in the list.

Of more serious books are "Prose Poems and Selections," by Ingersoll; "My Mamie Rose," a true story of regeneration through the power of love, by Owen Kildare; "The Country Boy," being a chronicle of Forrest Crissey's own timid youth; "Truth About the Titanic," by Col. Archibald Gracie; "On Blue Water," being a sea voyage, by Edmondo de Amicis, (J. B. Brown); "Lady Lee," a story about a beautiful horse, by Herman Lee Ensign; "A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago, Letters of Eliza Southgate," by Browne, a most delightfully quaint peep into the past; "Songs in Many Keys," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Cheiro's Palmistry for All;" Eden Philpotts' "Green Alleys," and "Brunel's Tower," two of the industry series of which the



"Fibble, D. D." by Irvin S. Cobb.

former is the latest, telling of the hop raising business in England and the latter of the pottery plants and the types therein, and his nature book, "My Devon Year," also Winston Churchill's "A Far Country," a story of society and business and the loss of ideals; William Winter's interesting life of "Tryone Power;" "The Truth About the Theater," by a well known New York manager; John T. McMannis' appreciation of "Ella Flagg Young" and her work for the Chicago schools; Rabindranath Tagore's "Hungry Stones," and his latest prose poems, "Fruit Gathering" and Christian D. Larsen's "My Ideal of Marriage."

Then there are Alice Mabel Brown's description of the life and characteristics of "Japanese Girls and Women;" Charles Battell Loomis' merry view of "Cheerful Americans;" Marshall P. Wilder's "People

I've Smiled With," the dwarf humorist's personal experiences; George Fitch's "Homeburg Memories," resembling White's "In Our Town" somewhat; Theodore Dreiser's "Plays; Natural and Supernatural;" Booth Tarkington's delicious tale of youthful love, "Seventeen," one of the season's best sellers, and his equally jolly "Penrod and Sam;" "Winter Journeys in the South," one of the entertaining new books of the season, by John Martin Hamond; Edith O'Shaughnessy's reports of "A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico;" E. V. Lucas' graceful tracing of "More Wanderings in London," companion to an earlier volume, "Wanderings in London," and "Tales of California Yesterdays," by our own Rose Ellerbe.

This represents but a part of those jotted down at random, "because my friends were eternally asking me to tell them 'a good book to read.'"

—PENELOPE ROSS



From "The Wonderful Year," William J. Locke.

WOMAN AD MANAGER ADDRESSES CLUB

ONE of the interesting talks made before the Public Affairs Session of the Friday Morning Club this week was a discussion of the advertising business for women, by Miss Florence Shindler, president of the Women's Ad Club of Los Angeles, who handles the advertising campaign for Desmond's. She said, in part: "A new field for women will probably not surprise you clubwomen so much as to learn of the wonderful progress women have made in the advertising field. The rapid strides, the leaps and bounds—for scarcely ten years ago, a woman ad-writer, so called, was a novelty—in fact it took courage for her to stand alone a woman pioneer in the advertising field.

"The west, adopting and adapting new ideas, gave woman and her ideas a little in advance of the east, advertising recognition. The east was soon to follow. Today, there are hundreds of clever women in the work. Not mere copy writers, that term does not apply—but real factors.

"In the Women's Advertising Club of Los Angeles, we have almost forty women, all of whom are actively engaged in the preparation or production of advertising. The club was organized two and one-half years ago and was the second club of its kind in the world. The purpose of the club is to promote good fellowship among advertising women and to be able to take concerted action on any matter or matters that will make for bettered condition of advertising and the profession in general.

"I have been surprised in talking to many women to learn not only how little they know about advertising but how little thought or attention they give to it. Local advertising women feel that the moral support and stimulation of recognition from the women's clubs generally should be given in their efforts to make advertising a real benefit to all women, since eighty per cent of the advertising written is addressed to women. Advertising—truthful advertising—is essential to the success of every business or progressive movement. For example, how could the women's clubs put over their pet schemes without publicity—advertising—to keep them progressing; or if a majority of business men and women did not read them? Later, the local Women's Ad Club hopes to show the women's clubs of the city how they can co-operate and bring about artistic and truthful advertising."

Other speakers were Edward F. Trefz, of the Chamber of Commerce, who spoke of the progress in business circles of the city, Mrs. Frances Noel of the Labor Temple Association, Mrs. D. C. McCan, Mrs. J. B. Stearns, and Mrs. A. L. Bancroft.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

TIMMNER-LOTT trio's second program presented examples of three epochs of composition, Thursday night of last week at the Woman's club building. Mozart exemplified the classic, Schumann the early romantic and Saint Saens the modern romantic.

Mr. and Mrs. Timmner and Mrs. Lott were assisted by G. J. Benkert, violin and Messrs. Schliwen and Hundhamer, violas. With as experienced players as all these the fact that they had been working together but a short time did not result in the uneven edges that would occur from others.

Mozart's quintet for two violins, two violas and violoncello, was rather in the way of a novelty. Saying Mozart, one knows what to expect—tuneful themes, scholarly but not deep working out, a good deal of guitar accompaniment to melody—smiling music all the way. Mozart was more fond of this combination than most other composers, writing seven for these instruments. This one, in G minor, dated 1787, is regarded as his best in this combination. It is full of sugary melody, suave and friendly in style to our ears; yet a critic of that day wrote of these works, "they are much too highly spiced" and asks "whose palate can stand that for any length of time?" We agree with this last question. I would choose such music to go to sleep on. Yet one of Mozart's quartets so excited a noble prince, to whom it was dedicated, that he tore up the pages containing "such hideous stuff."

Then followed the Saint Saens sonata op. 32, for violoncello and piano, played by that handsome pair of excellent performers, Mmes. Timmner and Lott. The male section of the program members will not expect that adjective. There is more in this work than in many of the Saint-Saens compositions, besides requiring much technical ability. It occupies a medium ground between the formal and the more bizarre modern schools, and is written with what might be called German strength combined with Gallic sprightliness and cleverness. Mrs. Timmner plays rather in the German style and makes a delightful picture for the eye in her graceful performance.

Schumann's Piano quartet, op. 47 closed the program. This was written nearly fifty-six years after the Schubert work above mentioned. But what a difference! One would think it was two hundred years later. If one may so express it, a strong element of such works is the "curiosity" they arouse. In the case of Haydn and Schubert, one knows just about what will come next—if one has studied music in a large way—and the same may be said, to a less extent, of the earlier works of Beethoven. Consequently, the mind is not so active in hearing these works. But with the later Beethoven works, with Schumann and his worthy successors, there is little respect for the strictly conventional. The curiosity of the hearer continually is on the qui vive. The mind must be awake and active. And the psychologists tell us that pleasure is developed in proportion to mental activity.

And the Schumann quintet is representative of that ocean of works of the later schools on down to Reger and Ravel, wherein form is secondary to idea, where the mind of the composer is intensely active, where the old bowings and scrapings of tonic and dominant give way to independence of mien and gesture—and consequently where the mind of the listener must be more alert, if he is to keep pace with the composer.

This was played with spontaneity by the quartet and with enjoyable unity. One feature, to my mind, was especially pleasing, and that was the way Mrs. Lott kept within the frame of the picture, not taking advantage of having a larger and more sonorous instrument than her confreres to drown them out. Such numbers often become a butchery of violinists to make a pianist's holiday. The way most pianists accompany the violin would make it necessary, in order to get a tonal balance between the two instruments, to have about twenty violins. Consequently, the moderation of

Mrs. Lott's playing kept her instrument as one of the quartet, not a solo instrument accompanied by occasionally audible violin passages. Assistance toward this desirable balance of tone was found in keeping down the lid of the piano.

The audience at this affair was representative of the most musically interested persons. The next program offered by the trio is dated Jan. 11, and offers as a novelty an octet for strings by Mendelssohn.

Tables of the Gamut Club were filled at its December dinner, last week. This was as near as the club gets to a Christmas dinner and so the menu was of that character. The program followed the "Made in Los Angeles" slogan, as all the music was presented by Los Angeles performers and most of it was written by residents here.

Lester Donahue was welcomed home after his successful recitals in New York, Boston and Chicago and acknowledged the greeting by playing two of John Alden Carpenter's pieces, "The Little Nigger" and "The Little Indian," humorous piano characterizations. Mrs. Abbie N. Jamison presented the Madrigal quartet, composed of Mmes. Norman Hasler, J. I. Moyse, C. A. Post and Maud Gilbert, singing four quartets, one of which was written by Mrs. Jamison, who accompanied the quartet.

The final section of the program was operatic, several selections being given from operas by Edward Lebegott. The singers were Mrs. Joseph Zuckerman, soprano, Dorothy Beach, mezzo-soprano, Helen Newcomb, soprano, Roland Paul, tenor, and Aubrey Burns, baritone, with the composer at the piano. The operas are "The Love Flower," "Semele," and "Rosa Rossa." Miss Beach's aria from the second work and all of the excerpts from the "Red Rose" showed strong dramatic instinct and had that successful blend of melody and instrumentation of the modern Italian writer. The opera was performed in Italy several years ago.

At the close of the dinner, a toast was drunk to the memory of an honorary member of the club, Sir Joseph Beecham, father of the opera and orchestra conductor, Sir Thomas Beecham, and one of the chief patrons of music in England.

In the passing of Sir Joseph Beecham, the Gamut Club has lost one of its most prominent honorary members. When he visited the club some time since, he impressed its members as a straightforward, modest man seemingly unconscious of his high standing as philanthropist, manufacturer and art patron. He was a boyhood friend of Supervisor Norton, of the club. In the death of Sir Joseph, England lost one of her most progressive patrons of music. A man of great enterprise and wealth, he was able to carry to its logical completion his interest in modern music, especially opera. In co-operation with his son, Sir Thomas Beecham, noted as an orchestral conductor, there was the combination of musical knowledge, directorial ability, business sagacity and large wealth.

Especially in the matters of introducing Russian opera in England and in furthering the cause of opera in English, Sir Joseph Beecham laid English music under a large debt to him. Musical authorities had decided that advance in these lines could be made only by state subvention; but Sir Joseph determined that they should come about without waiting for state aid and carried them through "off his own bat" as the English say. His idea was to present opera by means of a well balanced cast, with competent orchestra and direction and by the value of the ensemble carry it through to success, without continuing the old star system. The success of the two Beechams is a matter of English musical history and had not the war put a partial quietus to such enterprises, the results would have been still more notable.

Last Sunday's "Examiner" continues its misinformation as to the programs of the symphony concerts. It states that at

yesterday and today's concerts Lester Donahue "will play the Suite Pastorale by Cabrier." Certainly this will be quite a feat for Mr. Donahue, however talented he may be, as the Cabrier suite is written for full orchestra. The work is not on the program, and will not be played until later in the season, if at all. But this is in line with the same paper stating that Jay Plowe would play the "Caprice Italien," Axel Simonsen, the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" and Sigmund Beel, a Debussy Suite.

But then, we all get a foot into it once in a while. The "Times" reported last Sunday that "Jaime Overton demonstrated his excellence of style at the Matinee Musicale." But Mrs. Overton did the playing. I am told that Mr. Overton has taken an engagement in New York.

Last week, Archibald Sessions played at an organ recital at All Saints Church, Pasadena, his principal number being a nocturne by Karganoff. It is a pity that Mr. Sessions can not be heard in recital from the excellent organ he plays here at First Christian Science church. His many recitals at Christ church will be remembered as being highly educational.

Next Tuesday night, Arnold Krauss, former concert master of the symphony orchestra, will give a recital at the Ebell club house, playing a number of the standard violin works. He will be assisted by Mrs. Anna Schulmann.

As a child of the Fine Arts Club, of Pasadena, is the series of Local Artists concerts being presented in the high school auditorium of that city. A series of eight were arranged at a price of \$1.00 for the series, five of which have been given. The attendance on these has ranged from six hundred to nine hundred and the association and the attendants are highly pleased with the results. The last program was given by Mrs. Alice C. Batchelder, John Marquardt, violinist, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mrs. Marquardt, formerly harpist with the Thomas orchestra, all artists of high ability. Mrs. Marquardt's great virtuosity came as a pleasing surprise. The succeeding program is under the management of Reginald Bland, violinist.

In order to encourage young artists, the Pasadena Music and Art Association, in arranging for its concerts by the Los Angeles symphony orchestra, conducted a competition of pianists at Blanchard hall recently. A committee of judges heard a number of aspirants competing for the honor of playing with the orchestra in that city. The judges decided that the best fitted to make a public appearance is Harold Smythe, a young man still in his 'teens, a piano pupil of Mrs. Batchelder and organ pupil of Morton F. Mason. Such an opportunity as this comes to only one young pianist in a million and doubtless is appropriately prized by Mr. Smythe.

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Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke Stephens

PASADENA is to contribute her quota to the coterie of fair maids who have made their formal bow to society this season and at least two charming debutantes of the Crown City will share in the winter festivities planned for the season's buds. At one of the most brilliant receptions of the season, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison I. Drummond of 312 South Grand avenue, Pasadena, will introduce their attractive young daughter, Miss Georgiana Drummond, to their friends this afternoon and evening. Several hundred invitations were issued for the event, the reception hours being from five until seven o'clock, while a buffet supper and dancing party for about forty of the younger set will be enjoyed later in the evening. The beautiful home is aglow with fragrant flowers and greenery. The spacious Pompeian dining room is complete in its own artistry. The table, however, a large and handsome reflectory of black marble, has for its centerpiece a marble dish filled with hot house fruits, while an ecclesiastical order of tall candlesticks is arranged on the table. In the living room, where the guests are to be received, a profusion of American Beauty roses are used, the receiving party to stand in an artistic bower formed of the beautiful buds. Miss Drummond will be attired in a gown of white tulle and silver, the bodice of silver being embroidered in rhine stones. She will carry a spray of orchids. Mrs. Drummond's gown is to be of King's blue tulle, made over a metal cloth of gold and with a bodice of sequins. Assisting will be a number of prominent society folk of Pasadena and also of Los Angeles. Those asked to preside at the table are Mrs. Arthur A. Libby, Mrs. Todd Ford, Mrs. Charles C. Perkins and Mrs. Joseph Hixon. Miss Drummond, who is one of the most charming of the younger set of Pasadena, will be the recipient of many social compliments, sharing the delights of a first season with her close friend, Miss Katherine Emery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Emery of the Crown City, who will be presented January 2 at a reception followed by a dinner dance. The two debutantes attended school together in New York, having been graduated from Miss Spence's school. Both are talented, attractive maids, popular in the local society circles as in their home city.

What promises to be one of the most delightful of the social affairs planned for next week, will be the dancing party to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, Friday evening, December 23, at their home on Lake street. The affair will be in honor of four of the season's coterie of charming debutantes, the Misses Marion and Gertrude Kerckhoff, Miss Eleanor MacGowan and Miss Eleanor Workman. Guests will include members of the younger set and many of the young married folk. Mrs. Banks is to be hostess at a second affair in the near future, having chosen Tuesday, January 11 as the date for the breakfast and bridge party in honor of Mrs. Wells Morris, a recent bride. The daintily appointed breakfast will be served for twelve, after which auction bridge will be enjoyed by the guests during the afternoon. Mrs. Banks is one of the most charming of the younger hostesses, and her affairs whether informal or partaking of the more elaborate, are always marked by an individuality and charm that makes them memorably delightful.

Mr. and Mrs. William Swift Daniell have issued invitations for the marriage

of their daughter, Miss Margaret Daniell to Mr. Austin Hawley Jenison. The wedding is to be a brilliant affair and will take place in St. John's Episcopal Church on Tuesday evening, January 2, at 8:30 o'clock. Miss Evelyn Lantz, the bride elect's cousin, will attend as maid of honor; Mrs. C. Lawrence Barker and Mrs. A. Sheldon Balinger, matrons of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Charlotte Winston, Miss Judith Jenison, of Lansing, Mich., who is a sister of the groom-to-be; Miss Katherine Clancy and Miss Jane Greely of Minnesota. Mr. Burnett Wohlford, Mr. Howard Shep-

Another of the brilliant society affairs scheduled on the holiday calendar will be the New Year's Eve party, which Mr. and Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny and Mr. and Mrs. John Milner will give in farewell to "1916," at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Doheny in Chester Place.

The arrival in our midst of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst is always the signal for many brilliant entertainments in their honor, their host of friends here vying with one another in extending social courtesies. Mr. and Mrs. Hearst are planning to remain in Los Angeles over the holidays and already they are the center of much delightful entertaining. The first of these affairs was the beautifully appointed dinner party given Sunday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny at their home in Chester Place. The decorations were artistic and attractively simple, being carried out in the dining

ard Jewett Schweppe, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Denis, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Brinton Barham, Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland and the host and hostess.

Mrs. Miner has issued invitations for a musical at her home on West Adams street for Sunday evening, December 17, at 4 o'clock, when Julian Pascal, the pianist, will furnish the program.

Mrs. Doheny, who was to have entertained with a brilliant reception in honor of Mrs. Hearst, Friday, January 5, has changed the date for this affair to Thursday, January 4, owing to the fact that the former date would conflict with the Symphony Orchestra's fourth afternoon concert.

Many holiday parties are being planned in honor of the students who are preparing to return home for the Christmas vacation. Most of the students will come from Berkeley and Stanford, while a few will come from eastern universities and schools. Those coming from Stanford and Berkeley include Miss Jane Richardson, Miss Frances Beveridge who will bring with her Miss Carroll Cambon of San Francisco, as her guest, Mr. Jack Russell, Mr. Lee Milbank, Mr. William Coombs, Mr. Olin Wellborn, Mr. Billy and Mr. Chandler Ward, Mr. Jack Wigmore, Mr. George A. Betts and Mr. Thatcher Kemp. Mr. Hays Busch, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Busch of Portland street, will be missed in the gaieties of the holiday season since he will go to New York to pass Christmas with his mother and sister, Miss Amy, who are enjoying a visit in the metropolis.

One by one The Bachelors' ranks are thinning, while by equal numbers the list of eligibles to The Benedicts' organization is growing greater. The latest of The Bachelors' membership who has recruited with Master Cupid is Mr. Reger Topp, whose engagement to Miss Nana Carter Sigourney, the talented and beautiful New Yorker, was announced Tuesday of this week. Miss Sigourney, who has made her home in Los Angeles now for several months, first visited here two years ago, when she came west in company with Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst. They arrived just in time for the Mardi Gras ball which The Bachelors gave at the Alexandria. With Mr. and Mrs. Hearst, Miss Sigourney was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Guy Brinton Barham at a dinner party preceding the ball. Last year this charming easterner again accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Hearst on the trip to the coast, and again she was much feted here. Later she returned to Los Angeles, resuming her favorite pursuit in the theatrical world by joining the Burbank and Morosco forces here under the stage name of Miss Nan Carter. Mr. Topp who came to Los Angeles seven years ago from the south, is a graduate of Cornell University and also was graduated from the civil engineering course at Stanford. He now is engaged in extensive irrigation enterprises in New Mexico. Miss Sigourney will leave December 22 for the east, stopping off in Las Vegas to visit with Mr. Topp's mother. The wedding which is to take place in New York in March will be one of the brilliant events of the metropolis' social calendar for that month.

Mrs. Clare Duffie with her baby daughter is the house guest of her mother, Mrs. W. J. Chichester in Wilton place. Mrs. Duffie is being much entertained during her short visit here. Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Stanton entertained with a dinner party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, places being set for twelve. Later the guests were taken to the Orpheum. Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker, Jr., complimented Mrs. Duffie with a dinner, inviting a few other friends. Wednesday Mrs. Charles Jeffras entertained in honor of her niece with a bridge, other guests being Mrs. Thom-

MRS. THOMAS WEEKS BANKS



One of the most charming of the younger hostesses

herd, Mr. Donald Francisco, Mr. Charlie Adams, Mr. Dan Van Rensalaer Wilbur, Mr. Lawrence Barker and Mr. George Reed will usher. Miss Lantz, who has but recently returned from an extensive eastern trip, will entertain in honor of her cousin, the bride-elect, with a dancing party at the Lantz home in West Adams street, December 29. Miss Jenison will share honors with Miss Daniell.

Wednesday evening an informal dance was given at the Midwick Country Club. These will continue every Wednesday and Saturday during the season. New Year's Eve will be celebrated with the regular Saturday Dinner Dance, December 30. The first fancy dress ball—intended to be a fixture each year—is scheduled for some time in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chandler entertained Wednesday evening with a dinner for a few of the married set. Holiday decorations were prettily arranged for the table and the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Allan Balch, Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Melveny, Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dunn, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Bryant and Mrs. Dan McFarland.

room with clusters of the hostess' favorite flowers, Cattleya and Phealonopsis orchids and sprays of maidenhair fronds. Golden shaded candelabra were used on the table. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Hearst, Mr. George Gar Henry of New York, Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Brinton Barham, Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jewett Schweppe and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny, Jr.

Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Hearst were the guests of honor at a dinner party given at the California Club by Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner. In the decorations the autumn motif was used. The centerpiece of the table was a large basket filled with autumn fruits and leaves. About the large basket were placed small baskets of French gilt, filled with cornflowers and marigolds. Places were arranged for Mr. and Mrs. Hearst, Mr. George Gar Henry of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Rich-

as Weeks Banks, Mrs. Wells Morris, Mrs. Eugene Clark, Mrs. Ernest Duque, Mrs. Hugh K. Walker, Jr., Miss Lucile Ballard, Miss Eleanor MacGowan, Miss Margaret Daniell, Miss Marian Wigmore and her guest, Miss Dorr, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Margaret Fleming, Miss Eleanor Banning, Miss Eleanor Workman, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Evelyn Lantz and Miss Hill. Last evening Mrs. Chichester gave a delightful dinner party in honor of her daughter and son-in-law, the latter just arriving for a few days' visit when Mr. and Mrs. Duffie will leave for the east to pass the holidays with Mr. Duffie's parents. Mrs. Chichester's other dinner guests were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Duque, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Wells Morris and Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Stanton. Miss Lucile Ballard gave a charmingly informal tea yesterday in honor of this young matron who as Miss Katherine Chichester was one of the popular members of the younger set.

Los Angeles and Pasadena are beginning to gain their usual quota of distinguished easterners, who come to this balmy climate to escape the rigors of the eastern winter. Pasadena's winter colony this season will include Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, who has taken the Harry Gray residence on Oak Knoll for the winter months.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of three of Pasadena's most charming young girls, a trio of sisters, the daughters of Mr. W. E. O'Brien, a wealthy retired lumberman of that city. Miss Beryl O'Brien will marry Lieutenant "Jerry" Kenning of the American legation fighting in France; Miss Mae O'Brien will marry Lieutenant Hal Driscoll, also a member of the American legation, while Miss Gertrude O'Brien's engagement to Mr. P. D. Richards, a young civil engineer, is the third of the betrothals.

Princess Kawanakoa, who passed Thanksgiving week in Los Angeles, visiting with her daughter who is a student at Ramona Convent, has gone north, where after a short stay in San Francisco she planned to sail for her home in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Barrows, who have been domiciled at the Los Angeles Country Club since returning from their summer travels, have moved to the Beverly Hills hotel for the winter months.

One of the charming brides-elect for whom many pre-nuptial affairs are being planned is Miss Clarene Winne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Winne of 1527 Arlington avenue, whose engagement to Mr. Harold J. Turner of San Mateo was recently announced. In honor of Miss Winne, Mrs. Guy Brinton Barham entertained with a luncheon a few days ago at her home, 1209 Arlington avenue. The luncheon table was effectively decorated with clusters of bride's rosebuds, lilies of the valley and maidenhair fern fronds and white tulle ribbons. Places were set for fourteen guests. Miss Winne came with her parents from Detroit recently to make her home in Southern California. Mr. Turner is one of the popular society and clubmen of the northern city and is the son of Mrs. James Alvor Johnson of Turner Terrace, San Mateo, and the late Mr. Thomas R. Turner, wealthy shipping and oil man of the northern city. The wedding is to be one of the brilliant events of the early spring. Miss Winne has many friends in Los Angeles and many other affairs will be given in her honor prior to the wedding.

Miss Mamie McCoy, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John McCoy of Harvard boulevard, is to entertain with an informal bridge party on Thursday, December 21.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Robert Munroe will arrive from their station at Waco, Texas, about December 20 to pass the Christmas holidays with the parents of Mrs. Munroe, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson of 833 West Twenty-eighth street. Miss Eleanor Johnson who is attending the Bishop's School at La Jolla, will also be at home. Mr. Robert Johnson, a son will also come from Stanford University for the holidays. Miss Margaret Johnson, who was graduated from the Bishop's School last year, is now at home and so Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are anticipating a happy gathering of their family for the Christmas season.

Mrs. Roy Bayly of New Hampshire street is giving a tea on December 20, a large number of the younger set being invited.

Mrs. Horace B. Wing of 1017 Elden avenue has issued invitations for a dancing party to be given at her home Saturday evening, December 23. The affair is planning in honor of Mrs. Wing's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Healey, who are her house guests for the winter season.

One of the brilliant affairs planned for next week will be the dinner-dance which Mr. and Mrs. James H. Adams of Chester Place will give Wednesday evening, December 20, at the Los Angeles Country Club. Invitations have been extended to fifty or sixty friends of the host and hostess. Miss Elizabeth Brant is planning an affair for the same evening, having invited a group of sixteen of her friends.

In honor of her two nieces, the Misses Gertrude and Marion Kerckhoff, two of the season's most charming debutantes, Miss Eshman entertained recently with an attractively appointed luncheon at the California Club. Fifty guests were invited for the affair, including members of the younger married set and the bud coterie. Four large oval tables were arranged for the occasion, each being centered with floral mounds of pink roses and blue cornflowers, while Dresden-shaded candelabra added an artistic touch. Fluffy bows of tulle also were used, and one table of eight places was arranged at one side for the hostess and a group of her most intimate friends.

Mrs. Harry Dana Lombard was hostess Wednesday at her home in Beverly Hills, entertaining with a luncheon.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Edwin Janss of Windsor square for a bridge party to be given Thursday, December 21.

Formal announcement is made by Mrs. Maude Grier Heintz of 2345 Scarff street of the engagement of her daughter, Miss May Heintz, to Mr. Richard F. Ingram, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Ingram of Mill Valley. The wedding which will take place just before the holidays, will be quietly solemnized at the home of the bride's mother.

One of the charming visitors in Los Angeles just now is Mrs. Parker Terry of Louisville, who is visiting here as the house guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Kenneth Preuss. Mrs. Terry plans to remain in Los Angeles the greater part of the winter season, and she will undoubtedly be the recipient of many delightful courtesies while a visitor here.

Mrs. Samuel Brown Thomas has returned to her home here after a visit of six weeks in the north, where she was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kingsley Macomber at their beautiful country place.

Mrs. Mary Norris, who has been visiting for several months at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning on West Adams street, entertained recently with a charming little luncheon at the Van Nuys. Among her guest were Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., Mrs. Russell Taylor, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Herbert Qualey of New York, Mrs. Charles Fellows, Mrs. Walter Perry Story and Mrs. Barbee Hook.

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Cheaters

By Pearl Rall

WILL the Players' Producing Company ever be forgiven for giving Little Theater audiences something not entirely obvious and something that smacks of "highbrow" and educational nature? Certainly there were few who knew the Irish legend on which the most ambitiously artistic offering of this week's bill at that house was founded, and without that foreknowledge of the lines and the story much of the beauty of

and eerie voices to seek the perfect mate, brought out the story as a symbol and made of it a wonderfully interesting stage picture. To the more sophisticated and worldly wise Schnitzler's "Farewell Supper" must appeal for it was a delicious bit of satire and realism in which Margaret T. Allen was the center of interest. As Mimi she made the "incident" a sparkling thing, bringing out the work of Percival Vivian as Anatol, the egotistic fop and philanderer, and Herbert Heron as Max, another



Flore Revalles as Cleopatra—Ballet Russe

the play itself was lost. As one man said in leavin' gthe theater, "They may have made love in that fashion in those days but nowadays we don't do things that way." In other words, its mystical and poetic beauty was not properly appreciated by the prosaic—and most of us are prosaic nowadays, with sadly short time in which to read or do real thinking of many tremendous and beautiful things.

William Butler Yeats' "Shadowy Waters" was a lovely picture as drawn by Norman-Bel Geddes, whose stage settings in coloring and outlines were exquisite and held even those who cared nothing for the sonorous lines. And Kirah Markham as Dectora, the mythical queen a thousand years bereft of her royal mate, and W. Frayne Williams as Forgael, driven through strange unearthly seas and pursued by shadowy forms

lover in at the obsequies of a dead love affair of two friends, in delightful manner.

But the playlet that was within the horizon of the generality of the audience, a picture that any one may see or read about any day, despite certain possible minor inaccuracies in character drawing and settings, was Oren Taft, Jr.'s "Conscience." In this is so much of brutal, terrible truth, such poignancy of suffering and depth of human debasement and degradation that applause seems out of place. It is the story of a street walker's cry for human sympathy and her portion as society metes it out to her, even when she expends of her own meager store and lets the dimly flickering flame of goodness and kindness shine for one who appears to be more destitute than herself. In the portrayal of the unfortunate outcast, Nan, who en-

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VIVIAN MARTIN

in "THE RIGHT DIRECTION"



ters a vigorous and just protest against being used as a "story" from the underworld, Kirah Markham gave a gripping interpretation that marks her as an emotional actress of depth of feeling and remarkable imaginative power. Joe King as Hecksher, an ordinary but the more really human type of newsgatherer, does not have the opportunity for more than furnishing a background to emphasize the perfidy and utter heartlessness of the "successful feature writer," Arthur Osborn, played by Irving Pichel. "Conscience" was conspicuous for its absence in this gentleman. Perhaps Hecksher represented the handicap of such a feeling to success in a material way in this world; anyhow, the little flicker Osborn exhibited made the darkness the more dense. One would like to pause to ruminate on the curious effect of tragedy upon certain persons, who invariably laugh at what is more than a purely imaginative picture but represents the misery of countless thousands. Taken as a whole, the program presented a most interesting combination of national as well as eternally human expression. The first American, the second French, the last Irish done with a Polish touch and a mixture of various down-to-date artistic impressions.

Side Dishes on Orpheum Menu

With the "Cranberries" served on this week's Orpheum menu are a number of other side dishes, and such substantial as Sophie Tucker. For Sophie is substantial, so far as weight is concerned; in fact, it is a pity she cannot divide with the five young hairpins who act as trimmings to her ragtime de luxe stunt. However, these spindle-shanks are talented young persons at piano, violin, saxophone, cello and drum and Sophie is not a bit too fat, apparently, to please the masculine contingent of the audience especially. And she certainly can sing all moods and states of being in raggedy ragtime that is entirely her own conception. For good roast beef, the four Readings have a wonderful juggling act in which human flesh is balanced in reckless fashion, and Sophia Bidwell and company give another view of that fascinating and realistic "Forest Fire," holding a foremost position even though a holdover act. Raymond and Caverly serve the audience with a hash of all sorts of things in which a play upon words is the chief ingredient. Even the drop curtain is utilized to flavor this stunt—one is prepared to laugh at anything, good, bad or indifferent, after reading its choice array of signs while awaiting the arrival of the "stars." Such twisted talk as "shoss, shoss" up and down the scale by Italian troubadours seeking light on the English language, the Britisher's trouble "picking the pup up" and the Hebrew's difficulty with the German's inquiry "Den ver?" have proved irresistible rounds of laughter. With these "Cranberries" go well. This is a clever, rapid-fire sketch of a smart young American "business man," who takes a chance on a cranberry marsh and thereby wins a partner for life and a good position as a promoter of big enterprises. Marian Day, Neil Pratt and Frederick Karr bring out the brightness of this tidbit. John Geiger literally makes his violin talk, and although his stunts are not all new they are entertaining. Josie Heather is the bonbon course of the bill, dainty and delicious as ever; while Bert Fitzgibbon stands for the black coffee for "ladies and

"nuts," for thus he designated his auditors. If there was any drift to his talk it was not visible to a noticeable extent, but it completed the menu in approved holiday fashion.

Slight Threads of Tremendous Import

Tenuous indeed is the thread which connects the story of "The Blue Envelope" with the title, but tremendous and strong are the cords which bind the principles to the consequence of their reckless moments therein. There are three of these—men, of course, where infidelities are concerned—but of these James Corrigan is the busiest in the role of our old police court friend, John Doe, with Douglas MacLean almost neck and neck in the race as the French beauty doctor, Andrew Maurice, at whose place of business a most embarrassing cross tangle of the sundry peccadillos, idiosyncrasies and false pride of men and women is displayed. Richard Dix is the other member of the ridiculous trio, Richard Rowe, undivorced but seeking another wife. MacLean carries the French accent fairly well and imitates the explosiveness of the national type with an earnestness that marks all his work and which is not out of place even in farce-comedy. Corrigan is right at home in these rollicking characterizations and has lots of fun over that blue envelope which contained the evidence of his susceptibility to the "clinging vine"—other than his own pretty wife, played by Mary Edgett Baker. Miss Baker was a properly trusting wife according to farce ideals, but the ridiculousness of the hospital scene almost got the better of her. Dix merely flounders about helplessly in the net woven by the others, who bring him a meeting with Angelica, called the "Angel," because of her vixenish temper and greed for money—not an opportunity for histrionic display. Ruth Robinson as this "touching" individual who has a particular talent for blackmailing, gives one of the best performances she has yet shown Los Angelenos. There is zip and go to her picture of the adventuress. Harry Duffield as the Honorable Horatio Bulger, who would be handsome, adds considerably to the fun also. Joseph Eggenton is another queer character as Dr. Plank, head of a most peculiar sanatorium for recalcitrant husbands evidently. The remainder of the cast gives adequate support.

"Marrying Money" Jolly Comedy

Not every case of "Marrying Money" turns out so happily as that at the Burbank this week, so far as the play is concerned. But the Burbank players fail to do it justice for every one was unsure of his lines and therefore inclined to be recitative. And, into the bargain, there seems to be a general case of influenza, or in plain every day language, everyone appeared to have a terrible cold and to be unable to speak naturally. The story concerns itself with the plots of a suddenly impoverished family, or rather of

the feminine members of that household, to marry the only daughter to a man presumed to be immensely wealthy. This young person also is confronted with a slender bank account through the cold-blooded neglect of a rich relative who dies without naming him in the will and so likewise is constrained to plot for money. As Mildred Niles, who would save the family fortunes, Inez Plummer was spontaneous and pretty but not up to her best; while Warner Baxter as Theodore Vanderpoel, the willing victim, appeared to enjoy the situations. But the life of the play was Nolan Leary, who as Jimmy Sweeney, Vanderpoel's scheming chum, did one of the best bits he has ever given in Los Angeles. Despite his handicap of a severe cold and uncertainty of lines he got his laughs over by his rollicking spirits and appreciation of the fun of it. And Russell Powell as the inn-keeper who shelters the runaway and stranded pair at his hostelry and very near rues it was another good contribution to the picture. Frank Darien as the French Count made the character live, in spots. But no one did as well as he or she might have done.

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Books

WHEN asked what we regard as bad story books for boys and girls we answer promptly, "Dime novels, of course," yet few of us realize that the "dime novel" is often printed on good paper, illustrated with fair illustrations, bound in cloth covers and sold for twenty-five and fifty cents. In many cases these same stories have previously appeared in paper covers to be sold for a nickel or a dime.

Edward W. Mumford of the Penn Publishing company recently sent out a little booklet in which he tells many interesting facts about this unwholesome type of "juvenile" literature.

"These books," writes Mr. Mumford, in part, "are usually in series (several pages in the body of each story advertises the other books of the set). The infallible hero and his friends are invariably opposed by a despicable villain and an assistant who, although a little worse than the villain, is often reformed. The villain seldom reforms, as he is needed for the plot of the next book. The forces of vice and virtue invariably clash in the first chapter, and thereafter the villain stops at nothing that will injure the hero. If they are rival candidates for the position of pitcher on the school nine the hero may expect to be assaulted by thugs at night. If it is a girl's book the heroine (blonde) has a dangerous enemy (brunette) in the person of a rich schoolmate. The youthful villain, by the way, is almost invariably rich."

"Our hero" of one series builds and runs an airship with sleeping berths and automatic control, has miraculous escapes from earthquake, hurricane and shipwreck, thwarts gangs of desperate men, captures bank robbers, rescues beauty in distress and presents his sweetheart with diamonds worth thousands of dollars. In another series they aviators reach the south pole. In another "our hero" on a motorcycle jumps a fifteen foot gap in a broken bridge, while in another two poor girls of fourteen and sixteen attend balls and yacht parties given by the exclusive set of Newport.

"These characteristics sound unbelievably ridiculous, but they are found in scores of such books. It is amazing how often the same old plots and themes, revamped with a few allusions to modern boats, airships and other inventions, pass muster as new stories. They are, of course, cheaply and, therefore, hastily written. One writer recently produced in one year, fifteen new books of this kind. Another well known author easily surpasses this annual output by frank use of the factory method, outlining the plots, incidents and characters to a corps of assistants, who submit their work for his final revision.

"Judge Lindsey, whose work among boys has made him a national figure, says, in a recent letter: 'I recall a gang of boys in my court. In the trunk of one, in an attic, were found hundreds of cheap juveniles, and I think they had much to do with the misdirected energy and spirit of adventure in those boys, which, instead of taking the wholesome channels, took really to serious crime. The coarse, cheap appeal of some of this literature is certainly dangerous.'

"If every buyer of children's stories will read what he or she buys before putting it into the hands of children, or into libraries for their use, such stories will soon be driven out of the market, as their present extensive sale is their only reason for existence. There should be, and is beginning to be, hearty co-operation between booksellers, parents, teachers, librarians, members of women's clubs, and all other enlightened influ-

ences in the community, to stem the tide of the poor juvenile stories now on the market and enlist public opinion on the side of literature that enriches and ennobles the child's mind.

"But the individual book buyer can accomplish much by knowing something besides the price of the children's stories that he buys. No parent or lover of children will knowingly stand in the position of saying, 'It may be poison, but the boy likes it, and it's cheap.'

"The Conquest"

Sidney L. Nyberg's new book evidences again his exceptional capabilities as a writer, but it proves him also to be a man of serious purpose and deep insight. Mr. Nyberg has presented a graphic and consistent picture of a lawyer's life, full to the brim of success and domination over people and situations. The hero starts life as a young lawyer in a Southern city. His ideal has been self-denial, hard work and the creation of 'bigness.' They were the ideals of his period and to a large extent the ideals of ours. He had made the "Conquest" of his city. At the top of his career the doctor suddenly sentences him to a few months of life. A strong, thoughtful, eminently readable story. One worth recommending to others. ("The Conquest." By Sidney L. Nyberg. J. B. Lippincott Co. Bullock's.)

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Russian Ballet's Sensational Costume

Flore Revalles, premiere danseuse of the celebrated Diaghileff Ballet Russe which will visit this city for one week, opening Christmas evening, at the Auditorium, wears a most wonderful gown in the ballet Cleopatre. This costume was designed by Europe's great colorist Leon Bakst, and is credited as being the most sensational in the Ballet's entire wardrobe. It is composed of about 200 yards of veiling, swathed about the matchless figure of this great mime, like the bandages on an Egyptian mummy. In the process of the ballet about 150 yards of Cleopatre's gown is unwound by two negro funkies who march around the statesque queen in opposite directions. Stencilling is employed, in part, where the gown leaves off—a remarkable effect. The engagement opens Monday evening, December 25th, with "Les Sylphides," "Scheherazade," "Princess Enchantee" and "Prince Igor," followed by "Papillons," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "Cleopatre," Tuesday evening, December 26th; "Carnaval," "Prince Igor," "Thamar," "L'Après-midi d'un Faun," Wednesday evening, December 27th; "Les Sylphides," "Cleopatre," "Le Spectre de la Rose," Thursday evening, December 28; "Papillons," "Princess Enchantee," "Scheherazade," Friday evening, December 29; closing with a Saturday matinee, Dec. 30th, presenting "Carnaval," "Les Sylphides," "L'Après-midi d'un Faun" and "Thamar."

"Lilac Domino" at Mason

Andreas Dippel will present "The Lilac Domino," the great three-act musi-

cal success of beauty, fun and fashion by Charles Cuivillier, at the Mason Opera House next week, commencing Monday evening, December 18. This is the greatest musical success of many seasons and is said to be an attraction even in grand opera circles, with a wealth of scenic paraphernalia, a chorus of twenty girls, who sing and dance with all the charm and vivacity of happy youth, in costumes of almost regal magnificence and up-to-the-minute in style. Art critics have especially commented upon the sunset scene over the Mediterranean Sea which is shown as a background for the dancer of the second act. The display of fashionable costumes is notable, and dancing in all its varied forms is exhibited.

Washington Square Sketch at Orpheum

Sarah Padden in "The Clod" and Vanda Hoff in "The Dancing Girl of Delhi" are two very important events scheduled for the Orpheum beginning Monday matinee, Dec. 18. Miss Padden is presented by Martin Beck, who selected her to interpret the title role in this very unusual play, one of the big successes of the Washington Square players. "The Dancing Girl of Delhi" is offered by B. C. St. Denis, brother of Ruth and for years her manager. It is daring fantasy, rich in color and orientalism and full of the sensuality of the east. A third feature act is Bert Levy, the artist entertainer, who draws pictures on smoke-covered glass, which by his own apparatus are projected in large upon a screen. The fourth newcomer is Marie Fitzgibbon, uniquely described as "that great big story teller." Sophie Tucker and her band remain another week, as do "Cranberries," the clever little playlet, Raymond & Caverly, and Bert Fitzgibbon, the nut. It is announced that New Year's eve seats—two performances—will go on sale at the box office, Dec. 17.

"The Cub" at Burbank Theatre

Beginning Monday night, the Burbank will offer Douglas Fairbanks' greatest success, "The Cub." The story tells of a young reporter who is sent into the Kentucky mountains to interview the heads of both factions of a feud originating over a quarrel. In certain respects the play resembles a Keystone comedy, with its hero partaking somewhat of the character of the "Virginian." It is this happy combination that should prove the highest and best sort of comedy entertainment to the patrons of the Burbank for the week before Christmas.

"Blue Envelope" at Morosco

The world will pay twice as much for laughter as it will for tears, which probably accounts for the tremendous demand for seats that has been made upon

New Holiday List

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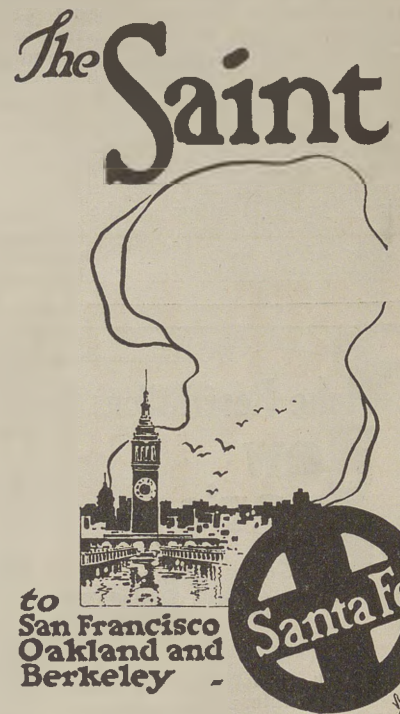
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the Morosco where "The Blue Envelope" is being shown. This bright farce-comedy will begin its second week at the Morosco Theatre with Sundays matinee. Fred J. Butler, the director, and John Collette, the scenic artist, have gone to great measures to make "The Blue Envelope" one of the really big hits of the season.

Novel California Story at Woodley's

When Polly Eccles is left alone in the world with her baby brother, she is informed that the only chance of saving the sick child from death is by taking him to California. She attempts to walk from New York City there, wheeling her baby brother in a little push-cart. The adventures which befall Polly on her journey are humorous, pathetic, dramatic and thrilling. In the cast are Vivian Martin as Polly Eccles, the young adventurer, Colin Chase, Herbert Standing, Alfred

Hollingsworth, Billy Mason, and Baby Jack White as Billy Boy for whom Polly makes many sacrifices.

Thrilling Military Scenes at Miller's
"The Love Thief," a stirring story of romance along the southwest border, will be shown at Miller's Theater for one week, beginning Sunday. Besides the dark-eyed beauty, Gretchen Hartman, and big and handsome Alan Hale, who are the featured players in this production, there is a cast of unexcelled merit.



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- Smoking Jacket
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- Tie Clasp
- Tennis Togs
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- Game Set
- Wallet
- Desk Watch
- Pocket Book
- Letter Basket
- Smoking Jacket
- Lounging Robe
- Umbrella
- Overcoat
- Traveling Bag
- Golf Coat
- Box Hosiery
- Night Shirts
- Handkerchiefs
- Hat Order
- Shoe Order
- Suspenders
- Pajamas
- Dress Gloves
- Leather Novelties
- Muffler
- Pocket Knife
- House Slippers

Harris & Frank
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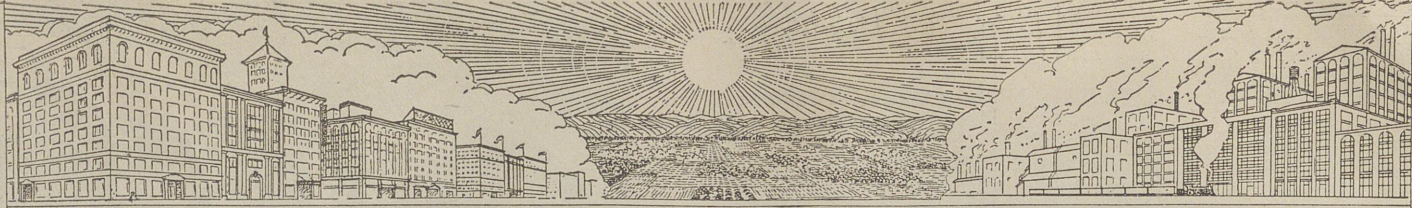
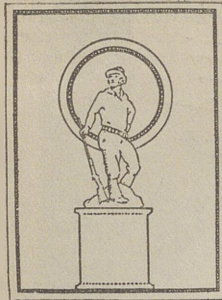
- for Chicago and St. Louis via El Paso and Kansas City.
- the line of low altitudes. Diner and observation car all the way.
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- A perfectly appointed, fast train—and Safety First always.

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68½ Hours
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212 WEST SEVENTH STREET
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519 SOUTH SPRING STREET



FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL

DOES SCIENCE PAY?

THE man on the farm is inclined to smile at the theories of the man in the lecture room or the library. He knows that no one can make a successful farmer simply by studying books; but he should remember that the really scientific student of agriculture is today much more than a man of books. The scientific student is also a man of the laboratory and the experiment station. His theories are rigidly tested in the fields before they reach the farmer. Moreover, the farm agent has come in to explain the new methods in person and to help the farmer to apply them.

A Southern banker whose business depends in large measure upon the prosperity of farmers has recently testified to some of the results in the South. Since the farm agents began their work, 1700 farm clubs with 50,000 members have been organized in the Southern States; 30,000 meetings with a total attendance of 1,200,000 have been held, and more than 1,000,000 government bulletins dealing with the farmer's problems have been distributed. Nearly 90,000 boys and girls, moreover, have been enrolled in clubs at which they discuss such subjects as the proper rotation of crops and getting the best yield from an acre.

Did the meetings and discussions amount to anything?

The banker's answer is very confident. He says that more than 50,000 pure-bred or high-grade animals have been imported into the states as a result of the new interest in better farming—a step of especial importance in view of the fact that during the last fifteen years live stock has tended to decrease in that region. Some 20,000 farmers had faith enough in demonstration methods to try them last year, with the result that their production to the acre was distinctly higher than the average and that the increase in the product of their farms was estimated at \$4,000,000 in cotton and \$7,000,000 in corn. As long as the demonstration farms can on the average raise 1077 pounds of seed cotton to the acre as against 623 pounds on ordinary farms, their neighbors will have under their eyes a standing illustration of the fact that the best crops are fertilized with brains.

It is worth noting again that the facts were brought out at a convention of investment bankers and have been cited in a prominent financial journal. The progressive banker realizes as never before that his own success is closely related to the prosperity of the farmer. On his side, the farmer must realize that the man who is alert to learn and to use the best methods in his farming will find it most easy to get credit.

World Scarcity

While apprehensions that supplies of all sorts will be shorter and dearer are having some effect in stimulating demand and increasing prices in many lines, which include wages, the National City Bank of New York, in its current monthly review on commerce and finance, points out that "the essential fact is that the pressure for goods of all kinds is greater than ever before known; that all the means of production are crowded to the limit and that there are not enough goods to go around."

There can be no remedy for scarcity save by eliminating some of the demand, the bank says, and official regulation of consumption in America seems to be impossible, so that the "natural forces" common to supply and demand will probably have to have free play in settling the situation. The effectiveness of boycotts, the bank observes, depends on whether or not they reduce consumption.

One beneficial result of conditions is the fact that the wheat acreage this fall has shown a great increase, but against this there is the danger that all save imperative construction work is likely to be suspended by the high capital costs. Patience and common sense, the bank says, are the needs of the hour.

In the labor world, the railroad situation comes in for attention, and it is said

to be possible that the railroads and the men will get together while the test case of the Adamson act is pending. In case they do not get together, a law similar to the Canadian arbitration act heading off strikes is considered likely.

The Railroads and State Rights

The most important right secured to the states which are members of these United States is the right to do business without let or hindrance by neighboring states. A great price was paid for this freedom; to get the control of interstate traffic absolutely in the hands of the Federal government the North consented, in 1787 to the continuation of slavery in the South. Had the Northern colonies been willing to restrict the Federal power over the nation's commerce there might never have been a civil war in this country. But there would have been warring principalities instead of a republic.

The fathers could not foresee a day when railroads, wholly national in their nature, would be hampered and harassed at every turn by the anomalies of state regulation. Could they have foreseen such a situation they would have guarded against it.

Congress is to be asked to federalize the railroads, just as the Constitution makers federalized the waterways which carried the commerce of their day. The country is to be asked to say that a railroad with lines in half a dozen states, carrying the citizens and merchandise of every state and owned by investors in every state, shall be treated as the purely national utility that it is. Federalization of the railroads will secure to the people of every state that right to do business on terms of equality with their neighbors which is expressly guaranteed to them by the fundamental law of the republic; it will be making the letter of the law conform to the spirit of the Constitution.

Security Trust & Savings Bank

Last Friday, the Security Trust & Savings Bank passed the 100,000 mark in number of open accounts upon its ledgers.

This is rather a noteworthy event when it is considered that this is the only bank outside of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Cleveland that has more than 100,000 depositors' accounts.

On January 1, 1916, the Security Trust & Savings Bank had 94,000 accounts and many there were, when the matter was suggested, who were skeptical of the ability of the bank to gain 6,000 accounts net during the year, in the face of existing conditions. However, the goal has been reached, and in a little more than eleven months. That it has been accomplished in that short time, or at all, is due to the enthusiastic co-operation of the employees, who, filled with the Security spirit, have heartily backed every publicity effort by maintaining that high standard of service which the Security has established.

It is an interesting fact that during the history of the Security Trust & Savings Bank, now rounding out its twenty-eighth year, the bank has been under the same management, and it must be with a large degree of satisfaction that J. F. Sartori, who organized the bank, M. S. Hellman and W. D. Longyear, who became associated with it soon afterwards, and Chas. H. Toll and W. H. Booth look back over the years and compare the ending of the bank's first year in the little store on Main street, which showed resources on \$300,000 and 1050 accounts, with the \$50,000,000 of resources and 100,000 accounts of today, which requires the handsome banking room at Fifth and Spring, now known as "Security Corner," and the branch at First and Spring to accommodate them.

Undoubtedly another important factor in encouraging the confidence of that army of people which deposits in the Security, is the fact that each of the directors of this bank has been a resident of its community from twenty to fifty years. The stockholders of the Security Trust & Savings Bank also own the entire stock of the Security National Bank,

which is now located at Fourth and Broadway and is rapidly coming to the front as a commercial bank. A strikingly handsome building for the Security National is now nearing completion, immediately adjoining that of the Security Trust & Savings Bank on Spring street, and will probably be occupied shortly after January 1st. The combined resources of these banks are now approximately \$55,000,000.

California Packing

The volume of goods billed by the California Packing Corporation and constituent companies from March to November, 1916, inclusive, shows an increase of 51 per cent, as compared with the billings in the corresponding month of 1915.

One Stockholder Protects R. I. Minority

Two things are to be commended concerning the Rock Island reorganization. The first is that a single stockholder stood up against Wall Street and all the would-be professional reorganizers and with facts and figures in printed pages to stockholders sustained market values in Rock Island shares through a very critical period.

It was the design of interests formerly associated with the property that the stock should be so treated in reorganization as to put its value below \$10 per share where enormous profits might be made by the professional reorganizers and the people with millions at their command, while the small stockholder would be frightened by the talk of foreclosure and heavy assessment.

Now the small stockholder is given a 7 per cent preferred stock that should ultimately sell at a premium. His present stock and his assessment are substantial collateral value for any money he needs to borrow to fully follow his investment. If he elects to pay \$40 and take new 7 per cent preferred stock therefor and later feels obliged to sell his new preferred stock at the present market prices his net assessment to retain his present stock would be only about \$5 to \$6 per share. But if he holds his stock his 7 per cent dividends and the future appreciation in his position will bring him out at a profit or a "right" instead of an assessment.

The second feature of the reorganization is that the bankers' underwriting commission is cut from \$5 to \$3, one dollar of which must pay the syndicate managers and their expenses; the bankers who assume the obligation to furnish \$30,000,000 receive a commission of only 2 per cent.

We understand that many would-be reorganizers of the property are disturbed and disappointed. They have lost the fat plum of gathering in Rock Island shares by the bushel at under \$10 per share and a miserable 2 per cent underwriting commission is not attractive to them.

CALIFORNIA PETROLEUM

CALIFORNIA Petroleum Corporation this year will earn 8 per cent on the preferred stock after allowing the full usual depreciation, according to a director of the company. The rate of earnings is practically assured by the income for October. The last half of the year, July to January, will show earnings at a rate in excess of this 8 per cent, the rate for the year being cut down by revenue in the first six months when the company was selling crude oil under old contracts. Dividends on the preferred are being paid at the rate of 4 per cent a year.

Indications now are that in 1917 the company will earn the full 7% preferred dividend, to which the stock is entitled, and the 5¼ per cent which will be accumulated at the first of January. These indicated earnings of 12¼ per cent mean income of about \$1,500,000 next year. In 1916 the company will make net about \$950,000.

Next year's earnings may be swelled much beyond this estimate as a result of the active development work now being carried on in the company's new acreage, known as the Bell ranch, which is regarded by oil producers as some of the best land in California. Nine wells are now being drilled in this field, one of which is expected to be completed within a few weeks. This well has been drilled to the depth of 2,400 feet and has been all cemented. When proper time has been allowed for hardening the well will be opened. Two other wells already have been drilled to the depth of 2,200 feet, and should be completed in ninety days. The others will be finished in six months.

Federal Land Banks

The Farm Loan Board expects to announce the boundaries of the twelve Federal Land Reserve Banks in about ten days.

After these banks are located their stock will remain open for public subscription for a period of 30 days, after which the government will buy all the remaining stock. The banks will then be ready to lend money for agricultural purposes.

The loans, it is thought, will be limited to 50 per cent of the security offered. Each association represents a minimum of \$20,000 worth of loans.

Something May Happen

Something must happen to bring about a readjustment of commodity prices to a more normal basis, or the reaction when it does come, will be such as to be disastrous to many people and concerns. That the war is mainly responsible for this extraordinary situation is of course true, and the longer the war lasts, the higher prices will go, and the more unhealthy the whole condition of business affairs will become, and the

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ZEROLENE

the Standard Oil for Motor Cars

Sold by dealers everywhere and at all Service Stations of the Standard Oil Company
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more painful and drastic will be the readjustment when peace comes. American corporations are, of course, making fabulous net profits, but as yet, the lure of these profits has not stirred the spirit of speculation to unrestrained lengths. In bank parlors, however, the fear is expressed that sooner or later all restraint will be abandoned, and that under the forcing influence of an enormous stock of gold, easy money, facile credit, increased dividends, and almost unbelievable net profits, the fever of speculation will steadily mount until it becomes a delirium. We hope the country may be spared such a development, but the possibility, nay, the probability, of it, forms the subject of conversation almost daily in high circles in the financial centres of the country.—F. A. Schirmer & Co.

How To Be a Rockefeller

Few realize how profitable some lines of business are at this time, says a writer in *Leslies*. A little item recently appeared in a Pittsburgh paper announcing that the Quaker Oil Company, a subsidiary of the Pure Oil Company, has just declared a dividend of 700 per cent, following a dividend of 1000 per cent last May and of 1400 per cent in March. This company is allied with one of the bitterest competitors of the Standard Oil Company. If the latter were declaring dividends at this enormous rate, what would not the busters and smashers say of it?

All along the line the earnings of our great industries, as well as of our railroads and express companies, are increasing at an astonishing rate. Never before have the public been so deeply interested in our great corporations, both industrial and railway, as they are today. At a recent meeting of the Great Northern Railroad, it was made known that it now has 24,000 stockholders. This is only one-third of the number of shareholders of the Pennsylvania and less than a quarter of the shareholders of the Steel Corporation.

The American public is just learning that it can share in the prosperity of the greatest of our corporations and that if Mr. Rockefeller makes money out of his dividends on Standard Oil, any one can go into the market and buy its shares and get the same dividends that Mr. Rockefeller receives, for every stockholder gets precisely the same rate of dividend.

Give a Delayed Welcome

Newspaper sentiment in the east is not over-friendly toward the farm loan scheme as shown by this editorial from the Boston Herald:

"Newspapers of the middle west show that the welcome of that region for the rural credit board and its panacea has been, in the main, as lukewarm as that which Maine and New Hampshire gave it," says the Herald commenting on the subject as viewed in that section. "Secretary McAdoo and his commissioners may be able to do a little missionary work in behalf of the administration, as

they tried to do in Maine just in advance of the election there, but they have much trouble in finding a truly hospitable spot.

"The plain truth seems to be that in the middle west, as here in New England, the farmer can do business with existing banks on as good terms as the government scheme provides and with far less red tape. In the far west and southwest it may be different. The farmers of the south, forgetting all their party traditions of states rights, are calling more and more vociferously for the national government to take care of them and their staple crop, and to save them from their lack of enterprise and industry. In that region the wandering rural credits board may get the cordial welcome that it longs for.

Oppose Federal Control

"Government ownership of public utilities was denounced by the committee on inland transportation of the Board of Trade in a report to the organization. The committee reports that it would be impossible to arrive at a correct valuation of the railroads, telegraph, telephone and express companies," says the Philadelphia Ledger.

"The committee contends that banking and insurance interests would be demoralized should government ownership become effective and there would have to be a revolution of the taxation system of both Federal and State governments to make up for the loss of revenue which is now derived from these utilities."

The Essential Factor

Marketability is the essential factor in a speculative bond. The investor who buys should know that he will have a fairly certain market when he is ready to quit. There are a great many unlisted and unmarketable securities which may be good, but they are not desirable for speculative purposes. They cannot readily be sold. In such cases, unless the owner can keep in touch with the underlying situation, he is in the dark. Where an active quoted market exists the investor has frequent, possibly daily, quotations to guide him as to the current estimate of conditions surrounding the security.

The following bonds are active in the market, and, while not violent in their fluctuations, afford a mild speculation, not comparable with active stocks, but sufficient for any man who has other business on his mind.

Chicago Great Western First 4s, 1959.
Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific First and Refunding 4s, 1934.

Chicago and Alton First Lien 3½s, 1950.

Iowa Central Refunding 4s, 1951.
Minneapolis and St. Louis First Refunding 4s, 1949.

Missouri, Kansas, and Texas of Texas First 5s, 1942.

Missouri Pacific General 4s.
New York, Westchester, and Boston First 4½s, 1946.

Norfolk Southern First and Refunding 5s, 1961.

Rock Island, Arkansas, and Louisiana First 4½s, 1934.

St. Louis Southwestern Terminal and Unified 5s, 1952.

San Antonio and Aransas Pass First 4s, 1943.

St. Louis and San Francisco Prior Lien 4s, 1950.

Seaboard Air Line Refunding 4s, 1959.

Southern Railway Development and General 4s, 1956.

Toledo, St. Louis and Western 4s, 1950.

Western Maryland First 4s, 1952.

Western Pacific First 5s (new)

Government Ownership Opposed

The Merchants' Association has adopted a set of resolutions for presentation to the Newlands Committee, voicing the sentiments of nearly all the merchants of New York City in regard to Government ownership of railroads and other public utilities. The resolutions are as follows:

"Resolved by the Merchants' Association of New York that governmental methods in the conduct of business affairs are inherently defective, by reason of the fundamental restrictions imposed by our form of government; and that governmental methods are often inefficient and wasteful, and therefore unsuited to the conduct of business undertakings and be it further

"Resolved, that The Merchants' Association of New York is opposed to Government ownership and operation of

railroads, telephones, telegraphs and other public utilities, believing that such utilities are far more effectively operated under private ownership, subject to public regulation, than would be possible under Governmental ownership and

Bank Directorates

There are several requirements in a well-rounded Board of Directors for a Trust Company or Bank. It is customary for all banking institutions to have directors with desirable business connections.

The directorate should therefore include bankers who are close to the investment world, as well as the heads of large industries, merchants and manufacturers who are in a position to forecast the trend of business conditions.

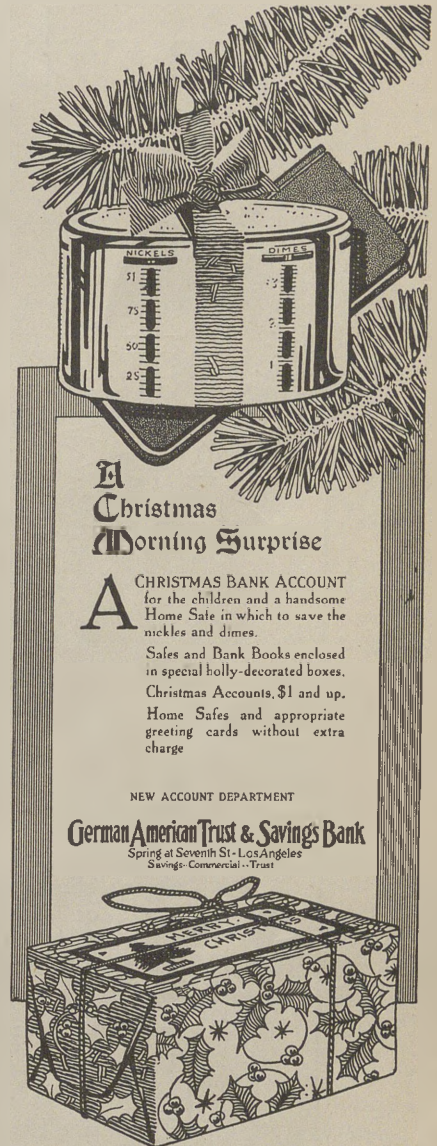
A Winning Combination

Sound, conservative banking methods plus an earnest desire to co-operate with our depositors has won for us in a few short years an enviable position among the leading Savings Banks of Los Angeles.

We propose to maintain and advance that position from year to year.

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A Christmas Morning Surprise

CHRISTMAS BANK ACCOUNT for the children and a handsome Home Safe in which to save the nickels and dimes.

Sales and Bank Books enclosed in special holly-decorated boxes. Christmas Accounts, \$1 and up. Home Safes and appropriate greeting cards without extra charge.

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Your Christmas Problem Solved

Many busy men and women are permitting us to solve their Christmas gift problems.

Security bank books in holiday envelopes, with greeting cards.

Home savings banks in Christmas packages.

Pocket dime banks for "stocking toes."

Surely here are gifts for the whole family!

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SECURITY TRUST SAVINGS BANK

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Oldest and Largest Savings Bank in the Southwest

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Exempt from State, County, City and Income Taxes. In buying from us you buy direct from the owner of the bonds.

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NAME	OFFICERS
M ERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK S. E. Cor. Sixth and Spring	W. H. HOLLIDAY, President. J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier. Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.
C ITIZENS NATIONAL BANK N. W. Cor. Fifth and Spring	A. J. WATERS, President. E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus \$500,000; Undivided Profits, \$235,441.61.
H IBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg. Spring and Fourth	GEORGE CHAFFEY, President. GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier. Capital, \$400,000.00. Surplus and Profits, \$77,655.00.
N ATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring	J. W. FISHBURN, President. H. S. MCKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.
C OMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK 401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth	W. A. BONYNGE, President. MALCOLM CROWE, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.
F IRST NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring	STODDARD JESS, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,537,953; Deposits \$25,270,000.
F ARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK Corner Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, President. V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

—And Santa Claus would pass the word to woman—

Buy your gifts for man in a real man's store; the real man's store in which you feel at home



—Buy your gifts for man in that man's store which you know, and in which you have that confidence which has been born of experience—buy your gifts for man in



The Man's Store —at Bullock's

—Where are Practical Gifts—the kind of gifts men like to receive—Gifts that have been chosen by men—for men—with the idea of woman and her Christmas problems constantly in mind.

—There are Bath Robes and Lounging Robes in a superlative array—the latter of fine materials, made to be stylish as well as comfortable, with real Coat Collars, Buttons and belted backs in a range of materials, colors and combinations; the former—are unusually well made of blanketing and Terry cloth, with cords or buttons—The prices of Bath and Lounging robes run the scale from \$5 to \$17.50.

—There are Silk Brocade and Velvet Dressing Gowns superb—at \$25 and \$35.

—There are House Coats, "the gifts without compare," in various shades—striped or plaid reverse—exposed on cuffs and collars—at \$5, by easy steps to \$13.50.

—Some exclusive Velvet Coats, silk collared and cuffed—are \$15.00.

—Terry Cloth Robes with slippers to match, \$5.00.

—There are Silk Reefers for full dress wear in a bewildering array—and others for informal wear at \$2.50 to \$10.

—And Polo Scarfs, of wool materials in elaborate color effects—Most astonishing, at \$1.

—There are Silk Shirts for men, perfectly splendid in colors and combinations that are irresistible—at \$7.50.

—And other Shirts in almost unending variety, exceedingly attractive in color and design from \$1 to \$5.

—There is Neckwear at 50c, that arouses one's wonder and delight—and Neckwear at \$1—and other neckwear up to the most exclusive pieces in elaborate patterns at \$4.



—Buy your gifts for man in *that Man's Store* where the principles of Bullock's are dominant—guiding and directing towards quality and value—

The Man's Store at Bullock's is a real man's store with the heart of a real man, courteous and considerate of women.

—Recognizing its responsibility during every day of the year—Living up to its responsibility this Christmas tide—in readiness, and ability, and desire to express sincerity in service—

—Buy your gifts for man in the Man's Store at Bullock's—and "Pass the word"—

—There are Handkerchiefs—just "snow white worlds of 'em" in boxes and out—initialed or plain—linen or not linen.

—There is Hosiery—the fine kind of hosiery that particular men are particular to insist upon—Interwoven and Wayne Knit silk socks in single pairs or by the box—

—There are Gloves—gloves that are famous around the world for their character and genuine dependability—

—Shaving Paraphernalia—the razors themselves, of course—and such razors—known for their steel, and the sharpness of their wit—**Auto-Strop** and **Gillette** safety razors in Christmas packings, if you please—so that they may carry the Christmas spirit along with them—

—And other practical gifts for men—from the Man's Store that is at the same time most delightfully situated to solve the shopping problems of women, as they may concern **Gifts for Men**—At Bullock's—1st floor—

Bullock's
Los Angeles